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 PORTRAITURE AND PERSONALITY (Illustrated). By Hugh Blaker.

# COUNTRY LIFE

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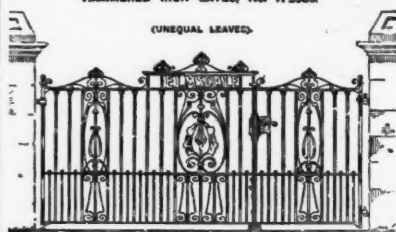


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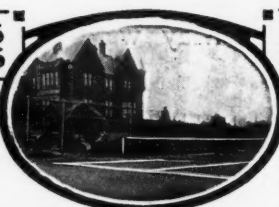
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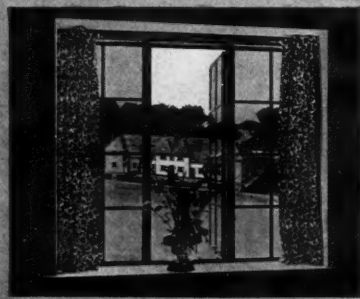
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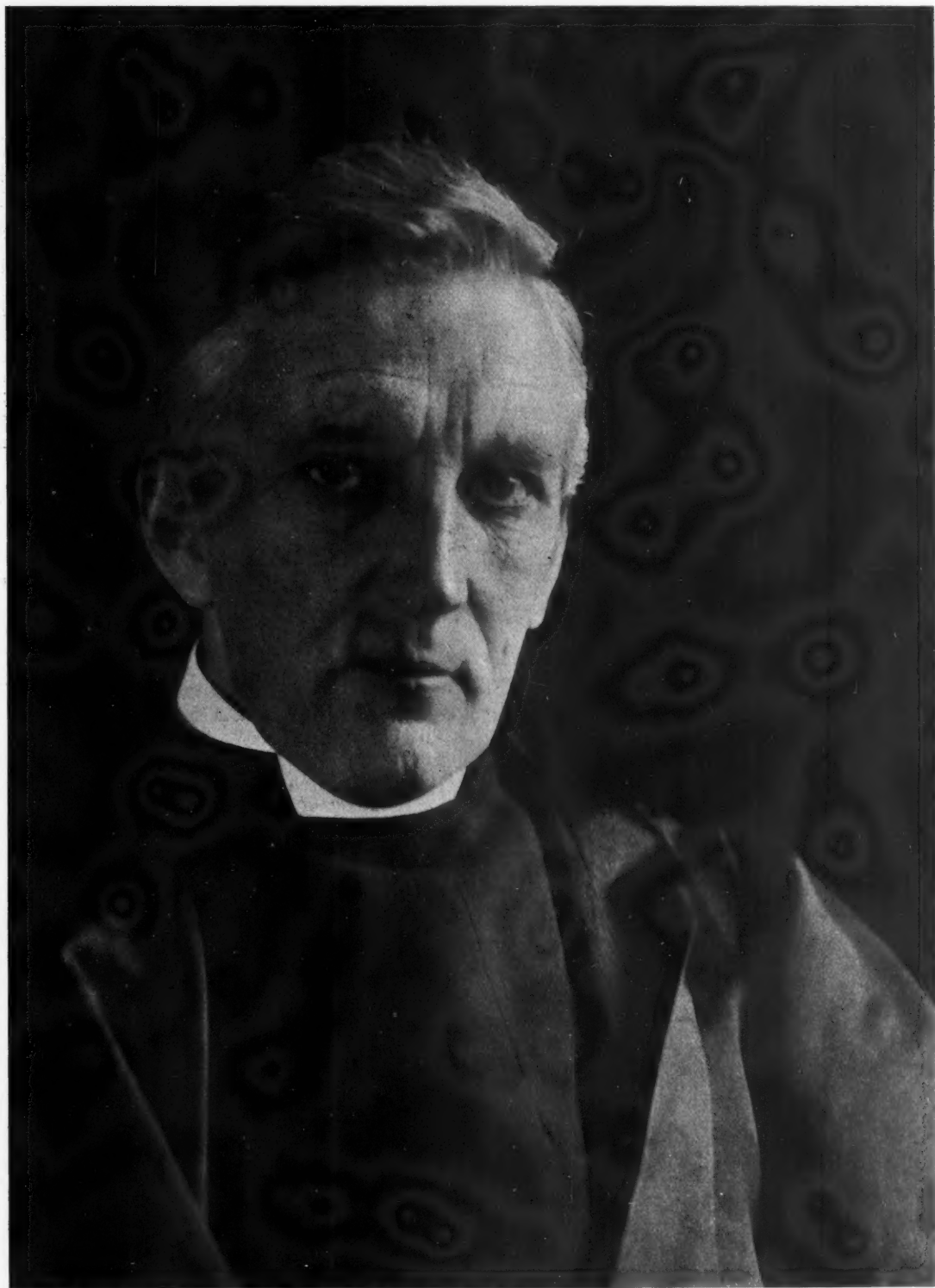
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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 17th, 1921.

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*From a portrait by Walter Thomas,*

THE HEADMASTER OF ETON.

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# COUNTRY LIFE

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## EDITORIAL NOTICE

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## A HAPPIER OUTLOOK

THROUGHOUT the world the political sky has been clearing for some days past and the sun is once more beginning to shine in a heaven, not yet bereft of clouds, but showing bits of blue that should prognosticate good weather shortly. It is as if a supernatural being had descended to the earth in order to bid the tribes and nations be of good cheer. The doubts and troubles that assailed men and nations have been manfully faced, and there is real ground for hoping for a better international understanding all the world over.

At home the Irish agreement is the instrument with which this result has been obtained. Since we last wrote the terms have been officially published, and they are regarded by the great majority of men and women as adequate and even generous. It is true that Mr. de Valera has denounced the treaty and is doing his best to prevent its being ratified, but, to speak frankly, Mr. de Valera, who was not intimately known to the British public before these negotiations were begun, has not won a very high place in its esteem. Without wishing to be at all uncharitable, one cannot help thinking that he is a man in whom personal ambition counts for more than anything else. At any rate, he has not that spirit of compromise by which nations have been able to meet one another in the past. The most careful reading of his speeches does not disclose any solid ground for the objections he sets up, and it might well happen that if the moderate

minded among his countrymen accepted the treaty and he did not, he would find himself in a position more correspondent to his capacity. On the other hand, the previous history of Ireland shows that internecine strife has always to be reckoned with when a new start is made. After all, it is not the character of a government, but the character of the people that tells in the long run. It remains to be seen how far Mr. de Valera will hold to the position he has assumed.

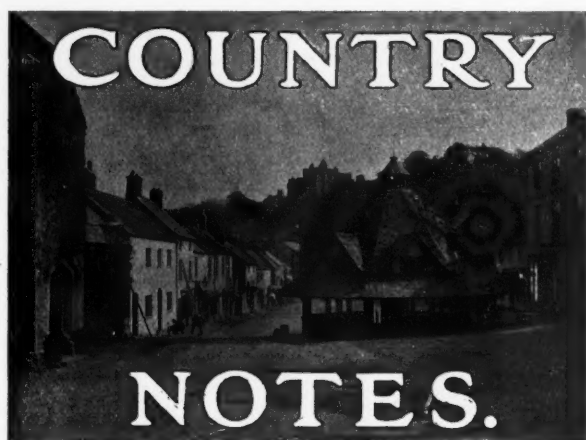
Now that the Irish difficulty is in a fair way to being solved all eyes will be directed to Washington, where representatives of all nations are trying to contrive means either to get rid of war altogether or to reduce its dimensions and minimise its cruelty. President Harding is rejoicing over the result, which he seems to think certain. "I know whereof I speak," he said with the characteristic Biblical English he affects. "We are going to succeed beyond our fondest hopes." Apparently, he founded this optimistic but justifiable opinion upon the fact that all is going well with Japan. That brilliant and determined little country has agreed to accept the quadruple political agreement in the Pacific, that is to say, an understanding between the four countries, America, Great Britain, Japan and France.

President Harding is not so intellectual a man as President Wilson. He is a journalist accustomed to turn his umbrella in the direction from which the rain comes; but, for that very reason, he, more accurately than many more learned men, interprets the middle class mind in the United States. His more mundane gifts will enable him to succeed where President Wilson failed. Yet, he is running on the same lines. The League of Nations was the invention of President Wilson and the Washington Conference that of President Harding. Both have the same aim—that of reducing the possibilities of war in the hope of eventually abolishing it altogether. There may be doubts as to whether the principles would have been accepted in a time when every state had a full treasury, but impoverished as all nations are at the present moment, they are willing to agree to a suspension of military preparations which they really cannot afford. It is not a very romantic way of stating the fact, but it is the fact all the same. But the matter about which the whole world rejoices is that the nations which have antagonistic interests in the Pacific have practically agreed not to attempt to settle their differences by war, but over the table in a room where all the parties will be represented.

The prospect would be eminently satisfactory were it not that while all this peace talk is going on we are hearing the rumbling of revolution also. Suppose Ireland conciliated and the nations represented at the Conference satisfied and agreed to avoid the stern arbitrament of war, there would still be considerable grounds for uneasiness. Those who were belligerent countries in the Great War show no great promise of settling down to the industries and peaceful projects in which they were engaged before 1914. All is not well when a mighty empire like Russia, which exported wheat in almost unlimited quantities to other nations, is reduced to a close resemblance to savagery and barbarism. Germany is making a strong effort to recover, but is threatened with strangulation. Individuals are thriving, but the State as a whole is not at the present moment in a condition to pay her just dues and remain solvent. This is the next question to which the attention of the whole world should be given. It is believed that in the United States there is a movement on foot for devoting the money which borrowers are expected to repay to the stabilisation of the rate of exchange. Without that there can be no international trade of any importance, which means that machinery in the industrial countries will not be fully employed as long as this state of things continues. On the whole, less is heard of revolutionaries than before the war, and it may be that the experience which Europe has had will deter the nations from entering into any violent movement. At any rate, that must be the pious hope of everybody.

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WHATEVER there may be to criticise in the conduct of affairs by Mr. Lloyd George, it is universally allowed that he has earned the gratitude of the whole Empire and the world at large for the skill, persistence and tact with which he has carried through the negotiations between Great Britain and Ireland. There is scarcely need to recall the many dark hours during which there was cause to despair of success. It is plain now that some, at least, of the Irish representatives were not concerned entirely with advancing the interests of their countrymen. Mr. de Valera in particular seems to have exhausted his ingenuity in devising means to wreck the Conference. There were, in fact, many incidents very trying to the patience of those who had set their minds on bringing to an end the secular quarrel between Great Britain and the sister island. Few could have maintained a good humour as well as Mr. Lloyd George did. This was the oil that made the wheels run again every time when they appeared to be clogged. The peace at which he aimed and which he succeeded in achieving was indeed a peace with honour.

ON the other side of the Atlantic a movement of equal importance was proceeding to a practical and successful end. The compact to which the four countries, Great Britain, America, France and Japan, are parties cannot fail to exercise a great influence on the maintenance of peace in what was considered to be the most likely part of the world for war to break out in. How it may act was very well shown in the incident which occurred in connection with China. Many present at the Conference were startled by the statement, in a clause of the resolution on the appointment of a commission to report on the possibility of improving the position of China, "that in no case shall any Power make its acceptance of the recommendations of the commission, directly or indirectly, dependent on the granting to it by China of special concessions." Among the changes which are taking place there is none more remarkable than the sudden waking up of China after a dormancy of hundreds, nay, thousands of years. Every traveller who returns from that land tells of the rapid modernisation that is going on. Perhaps, indeed, it is too rapid. There is no country in the world so rich in heritages from the past as China, and it would be greatly to be regretted if, in the haste for improvement, the walls of the old cities, the ancient beautiful bridges and other possessions which have come down from antiquity should be ruthlessly destroyed. Some must go, it is evident, but we hope that enlightened counsels will prevail for the saving of everything, of which the destruction is not imperative.

NOTHING that is really old ever had a more zealous guardianship than the Dean of Windsor exercises over St. George's Chapel. He was a guest of the Provost and Fellows of Eton at the celebration of the quinqucentenary of the Founder's Day at that great college. It was especially that, because, for the first time in history, the twin foundation of King's joined in the act of homage to the founder of

both. The Dean has written a letter which, we think, cannot fail to attain the purpose for which it was composed, for the Dean writes with passionate love and fine literary skill. He had ill news to tell of the Founder's tomb—"that tomb to which pilgrims flocked in the Middle Ages, and which Eton piety still decks with lilies on Founder's Day." Three weeks ago the vaulting of St. George's Chapel began to move again; restoration work had to be stopped and elaborate operations undertaken to secure its safety. He does not doubt of success, although the next three years will be years of anxiety. There is need of money, too. The recent development has involved additional expense and depleted the funds which the generosity of the Order of the Garter gave. Aid will be required early in the new year or the work will have to be stopped. We cannot believe that the public will stand idly by while the tombs of Henry VI, Henry VIII, Charles I, George III and Edward VII are overwhelmed in ruin. Surely the Dean of Windsor will not plead in vain.

A MAN of noble nature and of well marked characteristics has passed away in the person of Sir Arthur Pearson. Those who knew him as he went about his work at St. Dunstan's, ever cheering, smiling and helpful, will remember him as a prodigy of courage and high spirits. He would not say, or have it said, to the men who had lost their eyesight in the war, that they had suffered a terrible misfortune. On the contrary, he advised them to take the more manly view of it and consider it as one of their handicaps. Every man has a handicap, and there are worse handicaps in the world than blindness. He showed an excellent example of that kind of valour, for it was a pain rather than a pleasure to him to allow his closest friend to treat him as helpless and needing assistance. Everything that a blind man could possibly do he did himself. It was the conduct of a brave man, though he had to suffer for it in the end, as, if he had been able to see, the fatal accident would not have happened. Still, the circumstances of his death have allowed the public to get a fine view of his character, which will go down to history as that of one who made a great fight himself and retained his love of his fellow men.

#### TABORA.

The green grass at Tabora is wondrous fresh and sweet;  
And when my eyes are dazzled with sand and shimmering  
heat,

Its beauty shall enfold me, its peace shall be my peace—  
Eternal grass, and vernal grass! you give me kind release!

The tracks that from Tabora wind out across the plains,  
Are rugged as a traveller, seared deep by sun and rains;  
All strong are they, and open, primal and undefiled—  
These few white tracks are true white tracks: they call  
me to the wild.

The hills beyond Tabora are like an opal pool,  
When dawn at my verandah stirs virginal and cool;  
I gaze upon their grandeur, in early mists enmeshed—  
These smiling hills, beguiling hills!—and go my way  
refreshed.

MALCOLM HEMPHREY.

SIR WALTER GILBEY has given the agricultural correspondent of the *Daily Mail* some interesting figures relating to the finance of the landlord. He lets his Essex farms for 28s. an acre, and the charges per acre for rates, tithes, etc., amount to 25s., while other charges, including the upkeep of the house, come to 7s.; that is, a loss of 4s. an acre whatever happens. He lets four thatched cottages at a total rent of £18 9s. 4d., and is charged for rates upon them £6 3s. 6d. and income tax £2 18s. 6d., making altogether £9 2s. He has had to pay for repairs £104 6s., apparently on his own account, and for repairs ordered by the District Council £30, making £134 6s. altogether. This is a state of affairs which could only be continued by a very rich man who did not depend on land, but drew his income from some other source. We presume that Sir Walter Gilbey, like other landowners, has to pay income tax on the unearned income of the land. Why this should be so we do not know. The landowner

who attends to his business, as Sir Walter Gilbey does, surely earns his income as absolutely as a newspaper proprietor, a lawyer or a hatter.

BY a strange coincidence two of the oldest men in England died at very nearly the same hour at the end of last week, Lord Halsbury at the age of ninety-eight and Lord Lindley at ninety-two. Lord Halsbury was, perhaps, the most representative Englishman of his time, a man of extraordinary sagacity and common-sense, firm in the political creed which he professed and a frank critic, but resolute supporter, of his Party. In Law it was not his learning so much as his sense that prevailed and made him the greatest among his peers. He had also the English love of open-air sports and pastimes, could take part in them himself, and was thoroughly interested in the great competitions to which our national addiction to sport gives rise. Lord Lindley was a great judge and legal student. If his was not a figure as great and national as that of Lord Halsbury, he will ever be remembered as one of the greatest exponents of the Law. Another Englishman distinguished in a different sphere was Sir George Roos-Keppel. He has been very aptly described as "warden of the Indian marches." It was largely owing to his knowledge of the language and man of the frontier that an Indian rising was prevented that might have proved a great handicap to us in the war with Germany.

LORD INCHCAPE'S weighty deliverance on the good national intentions, which are really paving-stones on the way to perdition, deserves the closest attention. The wild-cat schemes, as he calls them, which have been entered upon, if not modified, are going to cost the country millions of pounds a year. The multiplication of Ministries is, directly and indirectly, causing an enormous expenditure. In addition to salaries, buildings, retinues, secretaries and staffs are required for each. These functionaries would not be human if they were inclined to give up their secure lives and salaries out of patriotic motives. Education is costing over a hundred millions a year, instead of the twenty-five millions that it used to cost. The country had a total revenue of less than a hundred million in the early days of Mr. Gladstone, and, however highly we prize education, we cannot pay more for it than we possess. Perhaps the greatest of all causes of depression is the excessive taxation. It means that less money is available for the extension of industry, and there is less employment in the country and a reduced standard of living all round. No progress will be made until this burden of taxation is lightened. These are points that only need mentioning for everyone to understand the necessity of dealing with them.

"THE Hospitals are starving, and the Ministry of Health is spending £30,000,000 this year." The quotation is from a letter to the *Times* from Lady Askwith. It raises the question as to whether the Ministry of Health or the upkeep of the hospitals is the more conducive to public welfare. What would the Public itself say about the matter? There can be little doubt about its voting for the hospitals. There is, no doubt, plenty of work for the Ministry of Health to do, but the plain fact of the matter is that the country, situated as we are to-day, loaded with debt, commerce and industry stagnant, heavily taxed, and unemployment almost unprecedented, is not in a condition to spend thirty million pounds on a Ministry of Health, whereas it is no exaggeration to say, as Lady Askwith does, that if the hospitals close, the nation must perish. The hospitals have been brought to a high state of efficiency by many years of organisation and self-denial. They are of the utmost service to the community, and a substantial portion of the thirty millions devoted to the Ministry of Health might be wisely diverted to their upkeep.

A VERY interesting statement has been made by the President of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company to a representative of the *Investors' Guardian* who has been on a visit to Canada. The President alludes to the comparison which has been frequently made lately between the United States at the beginning of last century and Canada at the beginning of this century. The population

of the United States then was almost the same as that of Canada to-day, and there is a laudable ambition to make this Canada's century. What is wanted most, according to this great authority, is immigration. The Canadians do not quite understand how it is that Australia tempts the British emigrant more than the Dominion. In 1918 nine British emigrants went to Australia for every one that went to Canada. The President need not be alarmed, however. There was an impression that Canada was rather overdone for emigrants. His figures show that this is not the case. In the Western States alone there are 300 million acres of good arable land which have never known the plough, and 34 million acres lie within fifteen miles of existing railway lines. Manitoba has but six people to every square mile, Saskatchewan two, Alberta less than two, and British Columbia hardly one. Undoubtedly Mr. Beatty is right. The salvation of Canada depends upon her attracting immigrants. We hope, however, that emigration to Australia will not be diminished. If we think over the matter imperially, it is evident that a closer settlement is required of all parts of the Empire.

#### EN PLEIN AIR.

O ye syren host of dancers, seen athwart the footlights' haze,  
Belittled seems the magic of your undulating maze  
Since I've watched the *Mermaid* schooner, with her curving,  
swanlike stem,  
When she soars to meet the surges, and then curtsies low to  
them,  
Whilst along her smooth and shining flanks the wavelets leap  
and race,  
As a soft, white string of ballet-girls will wreath a greater grace,  
And I doubt if all your lilting now has half the power to please  
Of the *Mermaid*, with her mains'l filled, a-forging through the  
seas.

W. S.

THE letter from Mr. Howard Gritten, M.P., and the enclosure from the Post Office, which we publish in our Correspondence columns this week, show that the Postmaster-General is still doing nothing but repeat his formula *non possumus*. He does not see that a decrease in the postal rates for fish is going to improve the financial position, but is waiting for the occurrence of that devoutly wished-for consummation before he lowers these rates. Fortunately, we know very well what happens with cynical statesmen of to-day. They go on repeating their ritual again and again till they feel that the agitation outside is beating upon them in continually rising waves. Then they discover that *non possumus* is an expression that can be written without the negative, and, behold, what was impossible becomes possible. What we want is for every one of our readers to do his utmost to hasten this desirable end. They know that a low parcel post rate for foodstuffs would be an enormous help to the small-holder. It would also be a first-class weapon for bringing down the cost of living, by eliminating the charges of the middleman.

MR. ROTH, the London police magistrate, has lighted on a fruitful topic of enquiry by asking why it is that some dogs dislike policemen. In his pleasant article on dogs in our issue of November 26th Mr. Horace Hutchinson described as a fiction the notion that a dog is a good judge of character, and at first sight this statement appears to confirm Mr. Rooth's, since we must assume a policeman to be of good character. But from a dog's point of view a policeman's character is not good. Like a postman, he shows an undue inquisitiveness as to the house, and particularly the doorstep, which the dog regards as his property. Both postmen and policemen wear uniform, but some dogs, at any rate, can differentiate between uniforms. The writer once had a friend, a Macedonian dog, which liked every soldier in British uniform but ungallantly hated to the point of frenzy anybody in a nurse's uniform. The only other people that he wanted to kill, to anything approaching the same degree, were Greeks, whom, owing to the baggy petticoats of their native costume, he possibly confused with nurses. It may be that Mr. Rooth has generalised from insufficient data, for a police sergeant is reported to have declared that most dogs like policemen.



## BUBA GIDA, THE LAST AFRICAN POTENTATE



A KNIGHT.

**N**OW situated in the French sphere of influence can still be found a remarkable relic of the old slave-dealing days. The country goes by the name of its despotic ruler, Buba Rei on maps, Buba Gida to everyone cognisant of it. The principal town is also so called. And the whole organisation is an example of what can be done by courage, energy, force of character and extreme cunning allied to ferocity and cruelty; for the redoubtable Buba Gida, the owner—body and soul—of tens of thousands of slaves, is no scion of a kingly race. Mothered by a slave of the Lakka tribe and fathered by a Scrub Fulani of sorts, everything he has and is he owes entirely to his own ability.

In early life he left his humble home and started out into the wild no man's land with some companions of a like spirit. Slaves at all costs were what Buba Gida and company were out for. Perhaps it was mere chance that led them towards the Lakka country, whence Buba Gida's mother had been raided, or perhaps it was information from her. However that may be, in close proximity to the Lakka country they found what they were looking for—a fine country, well watered and obviously good for cattle. Pagan Lakkas and other bush tribes were in plenty within raiding distance. Their first raid set them up in labour. Their tiny camp became a village. More raids were planned and carried out with invariable success. The village became a town.

Buba now ruled supreme. By pursuing the system of "putting away" all those who obstructed him, judiciously mixed with generous treatment in the matter of women—to acquire which the African will do anything—he obtained such a power over his people that none, not even the white man, has been able to overthrow it.

I will now try to describe how my companion and I fared when the pursuit of elephants took us into Buba Gida's country. To reach this country we traversed some very rich cattle districts inhabited by Fulani, a tribe akin to the Somals. At Buba Gida's boundary we were met by some forty or fifty of his smaller fry, for it must be understood that we were simple elephant hunters and not "big" white men. Everything about us was known to Buba Gida days before our arrival at his boundary by his wonderful system of intelligence. We remembered noticing casual horsemen about our caravan; they were Buba Gida's intelligence. From the boundary to the king's town was six days' march, and the headman of every



COMMANDERS OF REGIMENTS.



CHIEFS IN ARMOUR WITH ARROW-PROOF QUILTS.

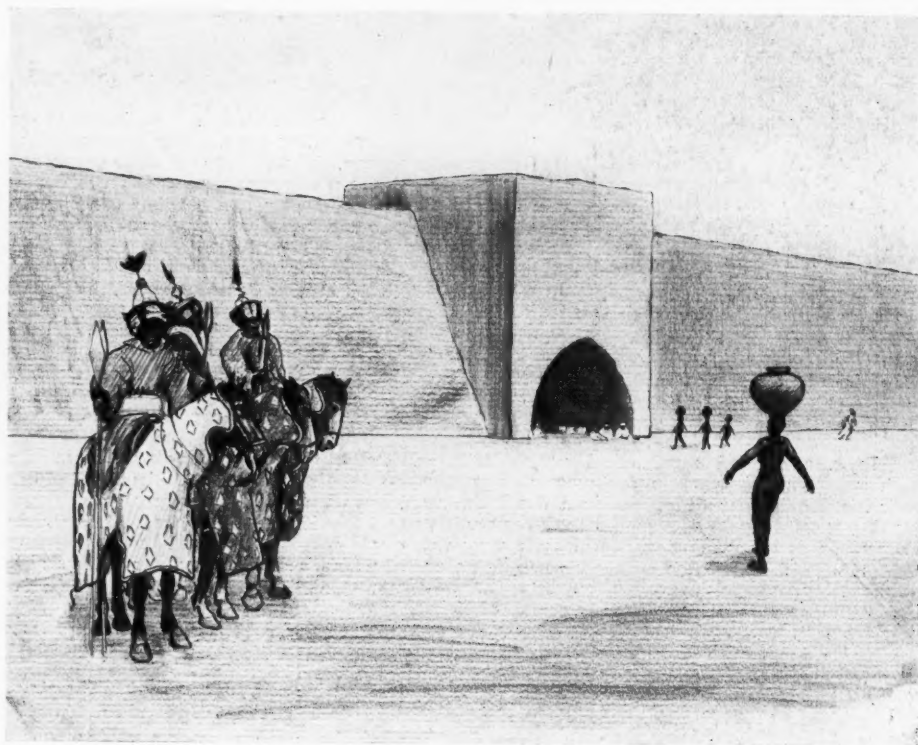


village we slept at was under orders to escort us to Buba Rei. As each headman in turn was escorted by five or six men, all being mounted, it will be seen that we formed quite a little army by the time we got to the capital. Had we been "big" white men, doubtless we should have been several hundred strong by that time. At the end of the sixth day we were camped within sight of the mysterious city. And mysterious it certainly is, for, surrounded as it is by well known, if somewhat distant countries and within 120 miles of a large Government post, nothing is known of this curious mediaeval city or its despotic tyrant, Buba Gida; and yet every white man wishes to know more about it. Countless thousands of questions must have been asked about Buba Gida. He even visits the Government station Garua; and sufficiently foolish to us he appears when he does so, for he goes with thousands of followers, women and men. Special beds and tents are carried with all kinds of paraphernalia; in fact, anything for show. He even must buy the whole contents of the stores he honours with a visit, much of them quite useless to him.

It was not clear to us why we had to camp so near the city, so we asked why we did not proceed. The answer was that the king had ordered us to sleep at that spot. There are few remaining places in Africa where a white man's actions are governed by a black man's wishes. Abyssinia under Menelik was one. Liberia and Buba Rei are still among them.

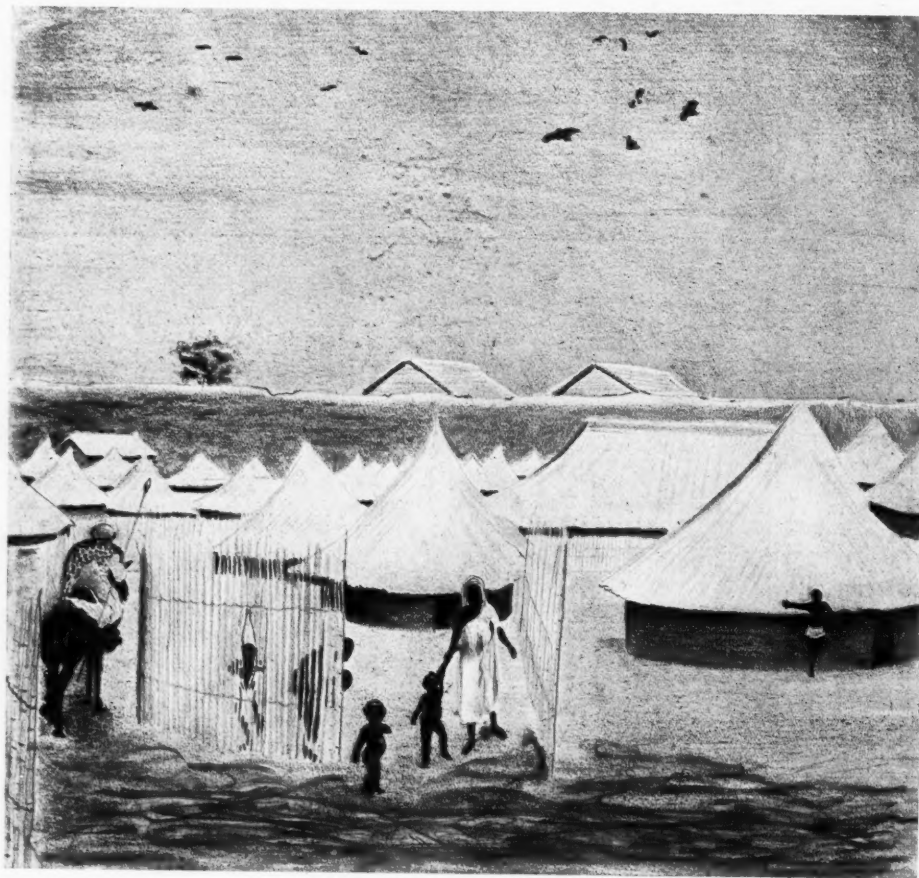
On the following morning we all sallied forth in our very best paint. As all the riding horses are stallions and some of them alarmingly vicious, and all of them ready at any time to bite, kick, strike, rear and prance, and, indeed, taught to do so, it is easy to imagine the scene as we drew near the capital. Right in the thick of it, in the middle of the prancing *mêlée*, on a very high rakish-looking stallion over which he appeared to have no control, was a gentleman with a very white and anxious face. He seemed to be somewhat insecurely seated on a flat saddle and appeared to be trying to do something to his horse by means of a snaffle. I know all this because I was he. My companion looked much more at ease, but I must confess I felt thoroughly alarmed lest I should fall off and disgrace the whole show. This will be better understood when I explain that all the riders except ourselves were in saddles with great high horns in front and high cantles behind. Most of them clung openly to the horns; and besides this, their mounts were bitted Arab fashion, with great spades and a ring round the lower jaw, so that they really had control over their beasts.

Luckily, I did not fall off, and presently we halted about a mile from one of the great gates in the wall which surrounds the town. We were told we should have to wait here until the king gave the order to enter. After waiting about two hours—done chiefly to impress the people with the greatness of the king, to see whom even the white men had to wait—a mob of mounted men about two hundred strong was seen to come forth from the city gate and to approach. We now hastily mounted, and I remember



OUTSIDE THE WALLS.

having more trouble with my infernal beast. The two opposing bodies of horsemen now began to approach one another until there remained perhaps forty yards separating us. Some very impressive speeches were made. Luckily for us, the king had lent us a speech-maker, and he held up our end in a very creditable manner, judging by the amount of talking he did. I thought it would never end, my horse becoming more and more restive. Every time he squealed and bit one of the neighbouring horses the whole mob began playing up. I was awfully afraid he might take charge and go barging in among the knights, for such they were. Genuine knights—if not in armour, at any rate



THE SILENT TOWN. VULTURES THE ONLY SCAVENGERS.

all 'clothed' in arrow-proof quilted cloth—horses and all. On their heads the knights had bright native iron caskets. They carried long bamboo spears with iron heads. At their sides were Arab swords. Beneath the bright little caskets were faces of such revolting ugliness and ferocity as to be almost ludicrous. We had the speeches of the opposition translated to us, and the gist of them was to the effect that we were about to have the honour of entering the town of the greatest king on earth—a king who was, if not immortal, next door to it, and so on. Then we were requested to count the knights. Before we had time to count more than twenty or so we were told that they numbered 500. An obvious lie; 200 at the outside. Then we were told that each of these knights had under him 500 other knights, armed and mounted as he was. After that our attention was drawn to a foot rabble in



WHENEVER THE KING SNEEZES, COUGHS OR SPITS THE ATTENDANT SLAVES BREAK INTO LOUD WAILING.

leopard skins and huge quivers full of arrows. I had failed to notice these before owing to anxiety about my steed's capers. They looked a pretty nasty crowd. Never have I seen so many hideous men together.

After the speeches we proceeded slowly towards the gates, gallopers continuously going off to report progress to the king. The wall totally encloses the town, and the gates are wide enough to allow of six men riding abreast. The wall itself is perhaps 20ft. high and made of sun-baked mud. The

nourished. Where all belongs to the king who but he can make a ring in corn! Who but he can raise the cost of living! The only approach to a grumble that we heard from his people was the wish that they might own their own children.

Near about the centre of the town a great high inner wall became visible. This, we were informed, surrounded the king and his palaces. Few townsmen had ever been inside and the king seldom comes out. Under this wall our quarters were situated, two unpretentious grass huts. In front of our huts, besides our usual ration, there were mountains of prepared foods. The things for us two white men would have fed thirty. With the food came a taster. That is a man who, by tasting everything before you, thereby guarantees it free from poison. This is the usual thing in Africa. Generally the chief of the village does it. Everything was most comfortable, and we began to think highly of our chances of coming to some arrangement with the king about elephant hunting. We were left alone for about two hours.

When the time came for our audience we were led through streets partly round the wall, and it became evident that the inner wall encircled an enormous area. It was from 40ft. to 50ft.



A FOOT SOLDIER.

thickness at the gateway is about 50ft., but this is chiefly to impress the visitor and to shelter the guard. The rest of the wall is no more than perhaps 6ft. at the base.

The buildings in the town are simply the ordinary grass and mud-and-wattle huts of that part of Africa, any more pretentious style of architecture not being allowed. Even pretentious or costly clothing, ornaments or style of any sort are forbidden. Music is forbidden. The drinking of intoxicants within the town is punishable by death. Outside it is allowed. No child must cry, none may laugh loudly or sing or shout. Noises of any sort are forbidden in this dismal city. The filth is indescribable. The obvious healthiness of its dwellers may be due to the fact that Buba Gida has every one of them out of it hard at work in his immense plantations every day and all day long, and also perhaps to the fact that everyone is well



AN ELEPHANT HUNTER.

He fires a long spear, with a smaller poisoned spear at its tip, from his gun instead of bullets.



AN ENORMOUS MAN, FULLY SEVEN FEET HIGH, ROSE FROM A PILE OF RAGS AND EXTENDED HIS RIGHT HAND, SWINGING A STRING OF HUGE AMBER BEADS IN THE OTHER.



high, and enormously thick at the base and in very good repair. Arrived at the gate itself, we got some idea of the immense thickness of the walls, the opening in them forming a high and very long guard-room, with huge doors of black timber at each end. This guard-room was filled with men—soldiers I suppose they were.

Arrived at the inner doors we were halted. Our guide entered alone. After some twenty minutes' waiting—again done to impress, I suppose—a slave appeared at the door and beckoned us in. He talked in a whisper and was almost nude. We entered and the great doors were closed behind us. Now we were in a courtyard with more huge doors in front of us. Another wait, but shorter. Presently appears our guide. Up till now he had seemed to us to be rather an important fellow. He had been decently dressed, at all events. But now here he was as nude as the other slaves. Another of the rules of this strange court. Everyone, barring white men, but not excepting the king's own sons, must approach the Presence almost nude, and on all fours. They must never look at the king's face, but must keep their foreheads to the ground. And you can bet these rules are strictly observed. Even our man—who must be in and out continually—was several shades more ashen than when outside. Our interpreter then stripped himself, and a very trembly wretch he looked. At last all was ready for our entry to the Presence. We passed through the door into a large and spotlessly clean courtyard. Along one side ran what was evidently the reception house, a lofty building beautifully thatched, with a low verandah. Lolling on a pile of cushions on the floor of the verandah was a huge and very

black negro. We walked quickly towards him, passing two nude slaves with their heads glued to the ground, while our interpreter and the functionary crawled on all fours behind us.

This at last was Buba Gida, and a very impressive creature he looked. As we drew near he got up. A fine specimen indeed, 7ft. high if an inch, and wide in proportion. Soft, of course, but otherwise in fine condition. He extended a hand like a bath sponge for size and almost as flabby, swinging a string of enormous amber beads in the other. Having shaken hands white man fashion, he waved us to two European chairs while he subsided on his cushions and commenced to stoke up a small charcoal fire, throwing incense on to it. Silence had the stage for some moments and then the king sneezed. At once there was a wail from the two bowed slaves in the middle of the courtyard. This was instantly taken up and drowned by a chorus of wails from the precincts. Whenever, throughout all our interviews, the king thought we were approaching the familiar or asking awkward questions, he would sneeze or cough or spit, or even clear his throat, and there would follow this uproar from his wailing chorus.

The first question he asked was about our rifles. He was very anxious to buy them. We were overjoyed to hear that he would be pleased to help us to a good elephant country, at the same time mentioning the fact that he was very fond of ivory.

Presently the conversation drifted to fever. And here we were astounded to find that he really appeared to believe that he was immortal. He naively told us he was a great friend of God's and that sickness of any sort never touched him. After many polite speeches on both sides we departed from our first visit to this remarkable man.

W. D. M. BELL.

## PORTRAITURE AND PERSONALITY

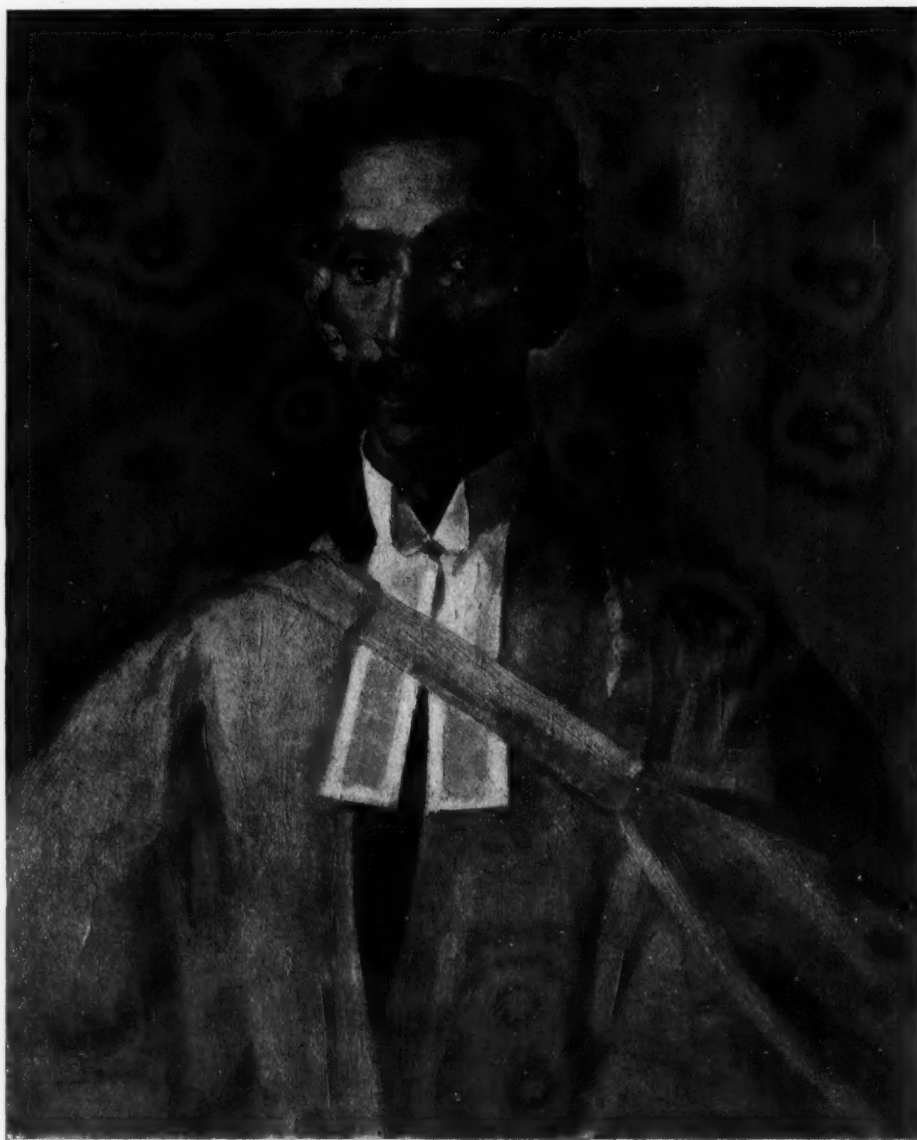
THE chief object of a portrait is to reveal the personality of the painter. It is just as well to put it down in cold print!—despite the qualms of the sitter who imagines that the only object of a portrait is to make his (or

her) charms known to an expectant world, and that the nearer it approaches the classical conceptions of Venus or Adonis the greater will be its success. Indeed, it may be said that almost every sitter relies on the artist to supply a certain element of abstract beauty which he suspects is absent. This is what the average sitter pays for, and this is what he frequently gets—even down to the present day.

In the eighteenth century, and almost to the end of the nineteenth, this was considered to be part of the bargain. Gainsborough and Whistler are among the names which occur to us of those who insisted on a

wider vision; but, generally speaking, the object of a portrait was considered to be the expression of non-existent charms, and the painter who could carry out this ideal to the best advantage commanded the largest patronage.

But if we look back across the centuries we shall see that the portraits which survive, which take their place as great works of art, have very little relationship with the actual people who were painted. Their personalities were of small account. If they were not painted by a great artist, the best which could be hoped for was the inclusion in the rather painful conglomeration of the National Portrait Gallery, or in mayors' parlours or meeting-places of learned societies. Of course, there are exceptions, such as Shakespeare, Burns, Shelley and Keats (who were never



"DR. PIERIS," BY MR. AUGUSTUS JOHN.



painted by artists who counted), but whose "portraits" are treasured more in desperation than in admiration.

In considering the Early English school it is as well to remember that Reynolds and Hogarth were less guilty of flattery than many of their contemporaries. Perhaps Hogarth was as personal as a painter could be when we consider the demands of his generation and the artistic conventions of the period. We see him at his best when free to do as he liked—in such masterpieces as the "Shrimp Girl" and the group of heads of his servants in the National Gallery; the small portrait of himself at the easel, in the National Portrait Gallery, or the "Captain Coram" in the Foundling Hospital.

Of Reynolds the "Dr. Johnson" immediately suggests itself, but after seeing a vigorous and direct painting of the same subject which was sold at Christie's some few years ago, one feels that the National Gallery example is a trifle lacking. Reynolds was greatest when he discarded his method of glazing over a first painting in monochrome and made a direct painting of the model as he saw it. His was a personality which gained nothing from his visit to Italy—the grave, also, of many an early Dutch reputation. The strong and simple northerners lost their individuality when seeking to learn the tricks of the seventeenth century Italian school. Fortunately, Gainsborough stayed at home and worked out his own salvation without tuition or greater influence than that of the Van Dycks which he saw around him. But he never absorbed the rather frigid methods of Van Dyck and his school, or the "Blue Boy," despite the costume, would not be so entirely personal. Had Gainsborough gone to Rome in his young days we should probably have lost one of the greatest personalities (expressed through his technique) in the British school. And his matchless drawings—what would have happened to them? Fortunately, he was as independent in his artistic outlook as in his personal characteristics. He knew enough to avoid putting "everything he knew" into a portrait; selection and interpretation were good enough for him, and he extemporised on Nature as a skilled musician might extemporise on his instrument. Go to the Dulwich Gallery and see Gainsborough's personality at its best, and ponder on the effect that an orthodox course of academics, schools and a visit to Rome might have exercised on his art. He studied Nature as Turner studied her—that he might be free to create, free to give vent to complete self-expression based on knowledge.

The second-rate artist exerts a kind of negative effect on the personalities of distinguished men, and few there are who have not experienced this cold douche when seeking out the features of some favourite of the past. On the other hand, the painter with a personality illuminates all that he touches (just as in the case of an artist in words) and, besides lending distinction to distinction, gives a permanent interest to the character of every sitter, whoever he may be. He has a great vision, and, however dexterous he may be in the use of his medium, if he were without this vision he could produce nothing of permanent value. As an instance we may cite the case of Rembrandt, who, as philosopher and seer, reveals himself through his paint as one who could be compared with Shakespeare and Homer.

Looking round the delightful exhibition of the Goupil Gallery Salon one cannot help wondering what will be the ultimate verdict of future generations with regard to the portraits. This is not essentially a show of portraits; indeed, landscapes and other subjects predominate. Such portraits as there are may well illustrate our point. First of all, we may take Mr. Augustus John's "Dr. Pieris" and "John Wheatly, Esq.," which suggest that



"WILLIAM H. DAVIES, ESQ.," BY MR. WILLIAM NICHOLSON.



"JOHN WHEATLY, ESQ.," BY MR. AUGUSTUS JOHN.

the artist took a sheer joy in his work. Here we have an instance of the vitality of pigment which comes of direct and easy accomplishment. A portrait victim may experience no feelings of exhilaration when sitting, but here, at any rate, we may feel sure that the artist had a good time. Probably less enjoyable was Mr. William Nicholson's experience with his portrait of "William H. Davies, Esq.," especially when it came to the hands. Nevertheless, it is a distinct success, even if the paint lacks a certain vivacity, for it is deftly placed on the canvas, and the colour and general conception are studiously thought out—perhaps too much so. We wish that this artist would take his courage in both hands and let himself go "regardless."

In this picture Mr. Nicholson has well expressed the characteristics of the "super-tramp" poet, the child of Nature who preferred the constant companionship of mother Nature to the prizes for which most men aim. Better to be on the road free from care than in the office or workshop! Greater the call of the "still small voice" of elemental things than the smug security of the city and its ways. We feel that we can sum up the man in this portrait, and understand what he would have us understand, feel in front of Nature what he would have us feel. Who but a true poet could write:

Oh, happy wind, how sweet  
Thy life must be!  
The great, proud fields of gold  
Run after thee:  
And here are flowers, with heads  
To nod and shake;  
And dreaming butterflies  
To tease and wake.  
Oh, happy wind, I say,  
To be alive this day.

Someone has said that every man feels that he could be a poet if he had the leisure. But fortunate is the man who makes leisure for poetry and is willing to sacrifice all else to that end. And more fortunate are those of his generation who can appreciate his sacrifice—or his joy!

Mr. Glyn Philpot's "Student with a Book" makes us yearn for the Philpots of years ago, when he had a truer appreciation of the beauty of his pigment; when the "first fine careless

rapture" seemed of at least as much importance as anything else. This regret at certain artists' indifference to the loveliness of surface quality applies more, perhaps, to the work of the talented Mr. Mark Gertler than to anyone else in the exhibition. Mr. Gertler possesses that rarity, a personality. Yet he seeks to smother it by his total disregard of his medium of expression. Oil paint has a unique and distinct charm of its own, yet he uses it as if it were stucco or cement, and without any regard for that evasive term "quality." When we remember certain drawings, full of quality and charm, it becomes all the more bewildering. While on this subject, we may marvel at the reputation of certain French painters, such as Laprade (is it Mlle.?), who, with no equipment whatever, have attained notoriety—in pictures and prices! Laprade has a superficial knowledge of oil paint, and nothing else. And why do the Frenchmen, particularly Derain (or the dealers), send us stuff which is in no way representative?

There is one picture in the show which has fallen foul of the critics. I refer to Modigliani's "Portrait de Jeune Femme." Modigliani was a very great artist, a kind of modern primitive, who died at the age of thirty-one. This picture has been described as an "abomination" and so on. It is a minor work of a great genius. Those critics who deride Modigliani may find themselves in the position of the wiseacres who, aforesaid, would have nothing to do with Cézanne.

There are many works of interest. It is quite impossible to name them in detail, but we may mention a rather unrepresentative Van Gogh flower-piece; Mr. Henry Lamb's Study; M. Valatton's "Chemineau"; Mr. Meninsky's "David"; M. Manguin's "Raintuelle"; and Mr. Bayes' "Pont d'Avignon." Mr. Walter Sickert once more evidences his splendid achievement on a somewhat slender natural equipment. His sense of quality carries him through. It is a pity that Mr. S. E. Greenwood does not make more of a very great equipment; I only know his drawings. Of Mr. Wilson Steer's six drawings only one reveals that passionate expression in quality which we look for. The others are more or less prosaic. Neither are his oil paintings of his best. Here we have a great personality in landscape art who, on occasion, is content to fumble with his medium instead of using it to greater advantage, which is regrettable.

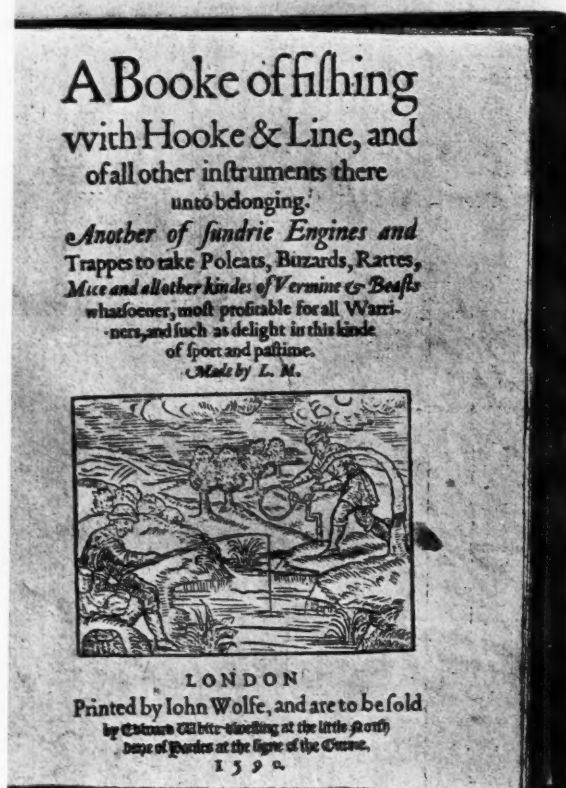
HUGH BLAKER.

## AN ANGLER'S LIBRARY.—II

BY HORACE G. HUTCHINSON.

THERE is more than one point of view from which one may estimate and value the old angling literature. It has its strictly literary interest; then it has the historical interest, showing not only how the art developed and how the engines for the craft were evolved, but also how the appreciation of what we might call the "by-products" of angling came and grew to be appreciated—I mean the beauty of the meadows, the song of birds, all the kingdom of Pan of which the angler is free. And when we compare the angling books with those out of which in some sort they grew, "The Master of Game" and others, we find far more of this appreciation in them than in their ancestors. The chase, you see, is a more violent business; it has few unoccupied spaces there is little time for that communing with nature which is a play for the leisure hour when man's soul is in quietude. So it may and should be in angling, except at the ecstatic moments; but so it hardly can be when we are racing and chasing.

Izaak Walton was a nature-lover, though singularly callous to the kickings of the frog impaled on his pike hook. For all that, it really is his "humanity," in the larger



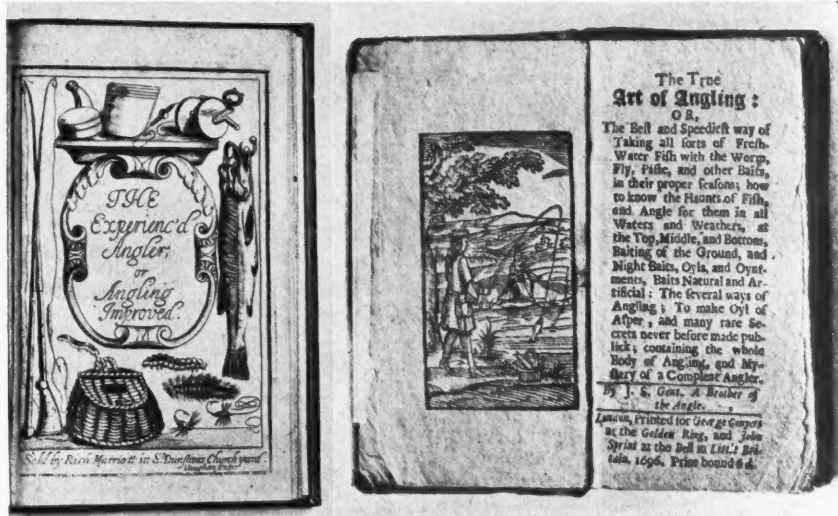
TITLE PAGE FROM "A BOOKE OF FISHING WITH HOOKE AND LINE" (1590). Pages 7 by 5 inches.

classical sense, that gives immortality to his book. Regarding the engines used in the craft, we all realise that these old fellows, our forbears, of whose angling the books tell us, used long and whippy rods and lines of a tenuous lightness which, admittedly, made casting in the wind's teeth as near as may be impossible. What we do not recognise so often is that up to a late date they never used a reel: they fished with a tightly fixed line, not a running one; though it is true they may have held coils in their hand to let out when the fish ran and to gather in again as he tired of running. Thus they fished both for salmon and for trout, and reflection on the difficulties involved must augment our respect for these grand old people whose most splendid achievement was our own begetting.

And then, too, we will remember that they did not fish with gut, but with horse-hair. I think it is Barker, the Cromwellian soldier cook, who says that if you have clear space, unencumbered with weeds or otherwise, you should, being expert, be able to kill a trout of any size you please with a single hair—and with a fixed line, observe! No reel to run it off!

They managed—occasionally mismanaged?—a line of





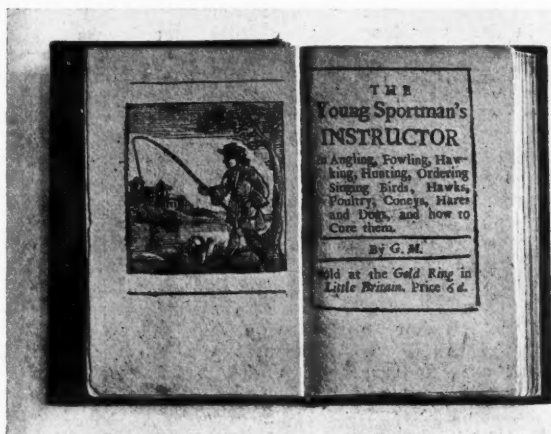
TITLE PAGE OF "THE EXPERIENCED ANGLER, OR ANGLING IMPROVED." FRONTISPIECE AND FIRST PAGE OF "THE TRUE ART OF ANGLING" (1696).  
Pages 5½ by 3½ inches.

26yds. length for salmon fishing. It is not a long span. For salmon the recognised cast was of triple hair, or possibly double. Our ancient writers confess to the difficulty with these multiple hairs, of getting each so even with the other that no one shall have to stand more than its due share of strain. The first mention, so far as I know, of gut for the fishing cast is in Pepys, a very well known passage where he writes of fishing with a "minnikin"—I suppose some lure like a minnow—attached by a lute string. That, presumably, would be of catgut, so called, though grown within a larger animal than a cat, so that we are not even then at the silkworm-gut epoch. The anglers of old were doubtless fine artists with their primitive machinery, but doubtless, too, rivers flowed faster, fish were more simple, anglers were not so many. There were compensations for the whippy rods, light lines, horsehairs and lack of reels.

They seem to have learnt early to tie a fly to imitate the natural insect. Walton and Cotton follow Mascall in their descriptions and names of the artificial flies, and Mascall himself had an evident debt to the "Treatise" attributed to Dame Berners. "A Booke of Fishing with Hooke and Line" is

in being more of a salmon than a trout angler, wrote his "Northern Memoirs, Calculated for the Meridian of Scotland," etc., with swelling sub-titles at least a page long, in 1658, though he did not publish till 1694. He has immortalised himself by writing down Walton as a pretender who could neither fish nor write. By such various ascents is fame achieved! Walton, it may go without saying, had come out in 1653. Robert Venables brought out "The Experienced Angler" in 1662; and in 1676 was issued "The Universal Angler, made so by three books of fishing. The first by Mr. Izaak Walton; the second by Charles Cotton, Esquire; the third by Colonel Robert Venables." It is rather a curious conjunction, if we consider it—the sober-sided old tradesman, Walton; Charles Cotton, something of a gay dog and writing "Esquire" after his name in a day when that title had a meaning; and Venables, a far travelled, distinguished and much adventured soldier. They were lured together by a common love.

This is a team of five writers all on fishing topics and all, except Franck, with the same kind of regard for angling, in



TITLE PAGE AND FRONTISPIECE OF "THE YOUNG SPORTSMAN'S INSTRUCTOR."  
Pages 2½ by 1½ inches.

the title adopted by Mascall, whose Christian name was Leonard. You may see his initials on the here given reproduction of his front page. He was really an authority on fish breeding and preservation, rather than on catching them. He wrote, or published, his fishing book in 1590. Gervase Markham, publishing his "Discourse of the Generall Art of Fishing with the Angle or otherwise," in 1614, was a borrower, too. He wrote "The Young Sportsman's Instructor," and many more like it. He may have learnt the "borrowing" art as a soldier in the Low Countries, for it appears that such "borrowing" at the time stood much in the place of modern *commissariat*. He cribbed largely for his angling from Denny's versified "Secrets of Angling." His flies he took from Mascall, and bettered and refined them, and so, I think, they came to Walton and Cotton.

Now Barker, the army cook, published in 1651 his "Art of Angling"; and there was another "True Art of Angling," by John Smith, published forty-five years later. Meantime, Richard Franck, another Cromwellian soldier, who was singular



TITLE PAGE OF "THE SECRETS OF ANGLING."  
Pages 5½ by 3½ inches.





THE COVER OF "THE COMPLEAT ANGLER" (1663).

Covers 6 by 3½ inches.

the few years between 1651 and 1676, and that is, as I think, virtually the end of them. There is a multiplicity of books, of varied quality, good, bad, indifferent, but in quantity enormous, yet none with just the quality of these old scribes. Later there have been the sardonic Penn, the expert Stewart, the accomplished Ronalds, the elegant Grey, the scientific Halford—a score and even a hundred or two more—yet none of them recapture quite the humanity that made the charm of these mediævals. We have a feeling, comparing the qualities, that as trout have changed and become artful, the amateurs of trout have altered, too, losing some simplicity which fascinated us. If they aim at simplicity, we detect them taking aim, levelling the pen. The old writers get on the bull's eye by an instinct that eludes us. Perhaps it is a new spirit in the age, rather than in trout, that makes the difference; but the difference, whencesoever it comes, is there. It is to be felt, as one reads, rather than described, but it is not to be escaped.

When we look at some of the illustrations, say, for instance, the front page of Leonard Mascall's "A Booke of Fishing with Hooke and Line," etc., it looks as old as old can be, with its antique "Sundrie engines and trappes to take Polcats, Buzards, Rattes" and so on, as the title reads. And then again we turn, say, to the cover of the "Compleat Angler," I think the third edition, of date 1661, practically synchronous with Mascall, and it has quite a modern effect. A very little thought shows us why this is: the last word in fish-baskets, for the carriage of trout, seems to have been the first word, too. Those old fellows, Walton, Cotton, Venables and their foregoers, although they had such spindly, whippy rods and many devices which seem primitive, yet carried their fish home in creels precisely like those into which we put trout now. The fishing basket has graceful curves, which the worker on a design knows how to make account of. So several of our drawings here, and notably the reproduction of the cover of Walton's third edition, have creels—three hundred year old creels and yet perfectly up to date creels. It is the one instrument of the craft which has not been changed. The history of angling literature is curious. At this

moment the most voluminous and learned work on the great subject is that which has been latest published: "Fishing from the Earliest Times," by W. Radcliffe. Therein, and there only, so far as I know, the suggestion is made that Martial, not Ælian, was the first to mention fishing with a fly. If we give Martial the honour we carry the beginning of the story back by some two centuries. It depends on a reading—whether *musca*, as Martial appears to have written, or *musco*, as is a suggested correction, because this particular fish, the scarus, the angling for which is referred to, was distinguished, in ancient story, as a vegetarian. It feeds, the ichthyologist of to-day tells us, largely on coral. Accepting *musca*, the fly, as Martial's intention, even so we do not at all certainly anticipate Ælian's reference to the artificial fly. His claim, so far, may still hold good, and he is quite tolerably definite in his description. A fly might be tied to his pattern, and a modern trout, in the eager May-fly time, would not despise it. Yet from Ælian, in the second and third centuries, up to the reputed Juliana, at the end of the fifteenth, there is a great silence.

A very rare book, so scarce that Mr. Gilbey himself is not aware of the existence of another copy than his own, is a quarto entitled "The Twelve Moneths, or a pleasant and profitable discourse of every action, whether of Labour or Recreation, proper to each particular moneth, branched into Directions relating to Husbandry, as Plowing, Sowing, Gardening, Planting, Trans-planting, Plashing of Fences, felling of Timber, ordering of Cattle and Bees and of Malt etc as also of Recreations, as Hunting, Hawking, Fishing, Fowling, Coursing and Cock-fighting To which likewise is added a necessary advice touching Physick, when it may and when it may not be taken. Lastly, every Moneth is shut up with an epigram, and with the Fairs of every Moneth By M. Stevenson." The date is 1661. From this book are taken the plates of two of the "moneths, Januarius and Februarius." I could not bring myself to cut this delightful title shorter, but now it is full time that I, too, should "shut up," though lacking the wit to follow the above gracious example and do so "with an epigram."



JANUARY AND FEBRUARY FROM "THE TWELVE MONETHS, ETC." (1661).

# THE PORT SUNLIGHT WAR MEMORIAL



A GENERAL VIEW OF THE MEMORIAL.

**S**IR W. GOSCOMBE JOHN'S memorial to the four hundred and eighty-one employes of that chain of companies, known as Lever Brothers, killed in the war, was unveiled on December 3rd. By no general, nor even by a senior partner, was the ceremony performed, but by one chosen by ballot by his old comrades in arms—Sergeant T. G. Eames, who, joining up early in the war, was blinded when fighting with his battalion of the Cheshire Regiment in the first Battle of the Somme. He was guided and assisted by ex-Private Cruikshank, V.C., who represented the Associated Companies of the firm.

Erected on a site in the centre of Port Sunlight, the memorial takes the form of a St. John's Cross raised on the octagonal shaft. Around its base stand a group of eleven figures symbolising the defence of the home, which, in their simplicity, are sincere, and strike clearly that chord of the nobility of sacrifice which a more involved composition might easily have slurred. In this the memorial fulfils its dual purpose—the commemoration of the dead, and the preservation, so far as by art it is possible, of that great spirit to the living.

Encircling the monument proper runs a parapet surrounding an area 80ft. in diameter, on which plaques in high relief represent the activities of the three branches of His Majesty's

Forces, and the Red Cross; while on the terminals, either side of the four flights of steps, are more groups of children offering garlands in token of the gratitude of the generations to come.

The stonework, in perdurable granite, executed by Messrs. Kirkpatrick of Manchester, is throughout very simple, the ornament being restricted to the bronzework, founded by Mr. A. B. Burton of Thames Ditton. Our illustrations show a general view of the memorial, with the group about the base of the shaft; two figures, one standing, one kneeling, are with fixed bayonets in the attitude of defence. A Boy Scout is beside the standing figure, and a third man has fallen wounded, to whose help a woman makes her way, sympathy in her face and every line. Behind the cross another woman sits with her children, desolate but not despairing. Of the plaques we show that of the Royal Air Force. The vigour apparent in the figures just described, here becomes less restrained with the more active nature of the subject. The upper figures are symbolic, the lower realistic. Our other illustration is one of the plaques of the children, representing a Boy Scout and a Sea Scout.

Both in its general scheme and its detail the memorial is successful. The lines of the stonework base lead up well to the pedestal and cross, and the surrounding bronze figures are fittingly arrestive.

C. H.

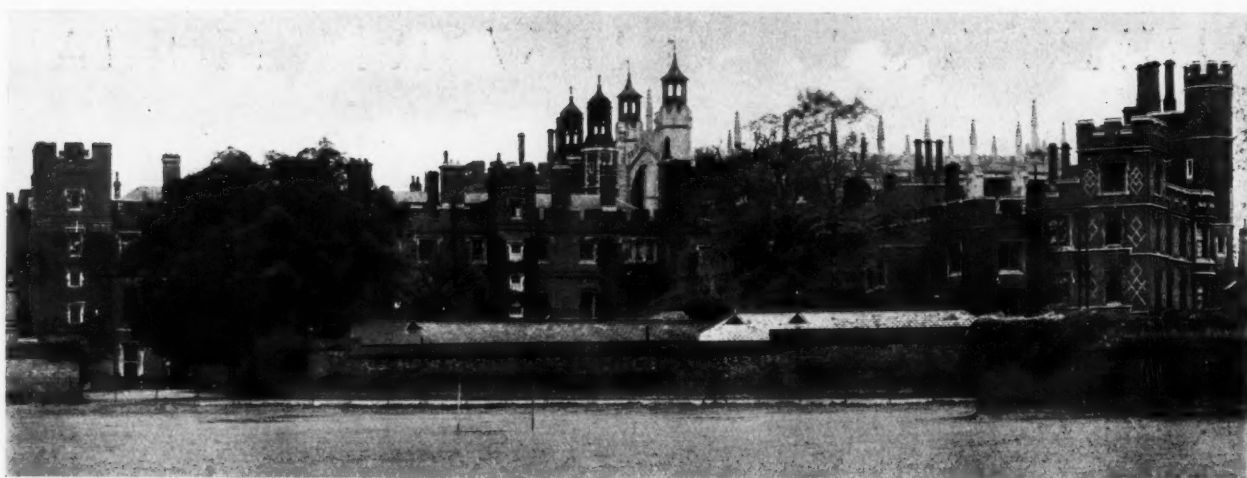


TERMINAL PLAQUE. BOY AND SEA SCOUTS



THE AIR FORCE PLAQUE ON THE PARAPET.





## ETON COLLEGE.—III

### THE HALL AND KITCHEN.

COLLEGE HALL is entered by a flight of stone steps out of the southern walk of the cloisters, but it is best to be approached, by one desiring to see the exterior, from Brewhouse or Kitchen Yard. There you are immediately below the great east window of the chapel, which looks cool and grey through the foliage of two lime trees that grow before it. A gateway in the north-west corner of the yard gives on to School Yard in its south-eastern corner, and beside the gateway rises the southern tower of Lupton's building (Fig. 2) upon earlier stone foundations that formerly contained the sluice house. On the other, eastern, side of this tower lies the southern front of the Hall, and one glance at its peculiar patchwork appearance will warn us that we have an intricate task before us in endeavouring to unravel its history. For in dealing with the Hall we have not only

to face once again the discrepancies between the founder's directions and the actual work executed that we encountered in Lower School, but we are also confronted with a baffling series of architectural anomalies the reason for which it is difficult to explain.

It is in November, 1443, that we first hear of the Hall. In that month a contract was made by the Provost with the chief carpenter for the provision of woodwork for ten chambers on the eastern side of the College, a hall, a cloister and seven towers—which latter exactly correspond in number with those of that period which now exist, as Sir H. Maxwell Lyte points out, there being three exterior angle towers and two turrets on each of the curtain walls between them. But it was woodwork that was being ordered, and we know that the Hall was not commenced until 1445 at the earliest; it is, therefore, not possible

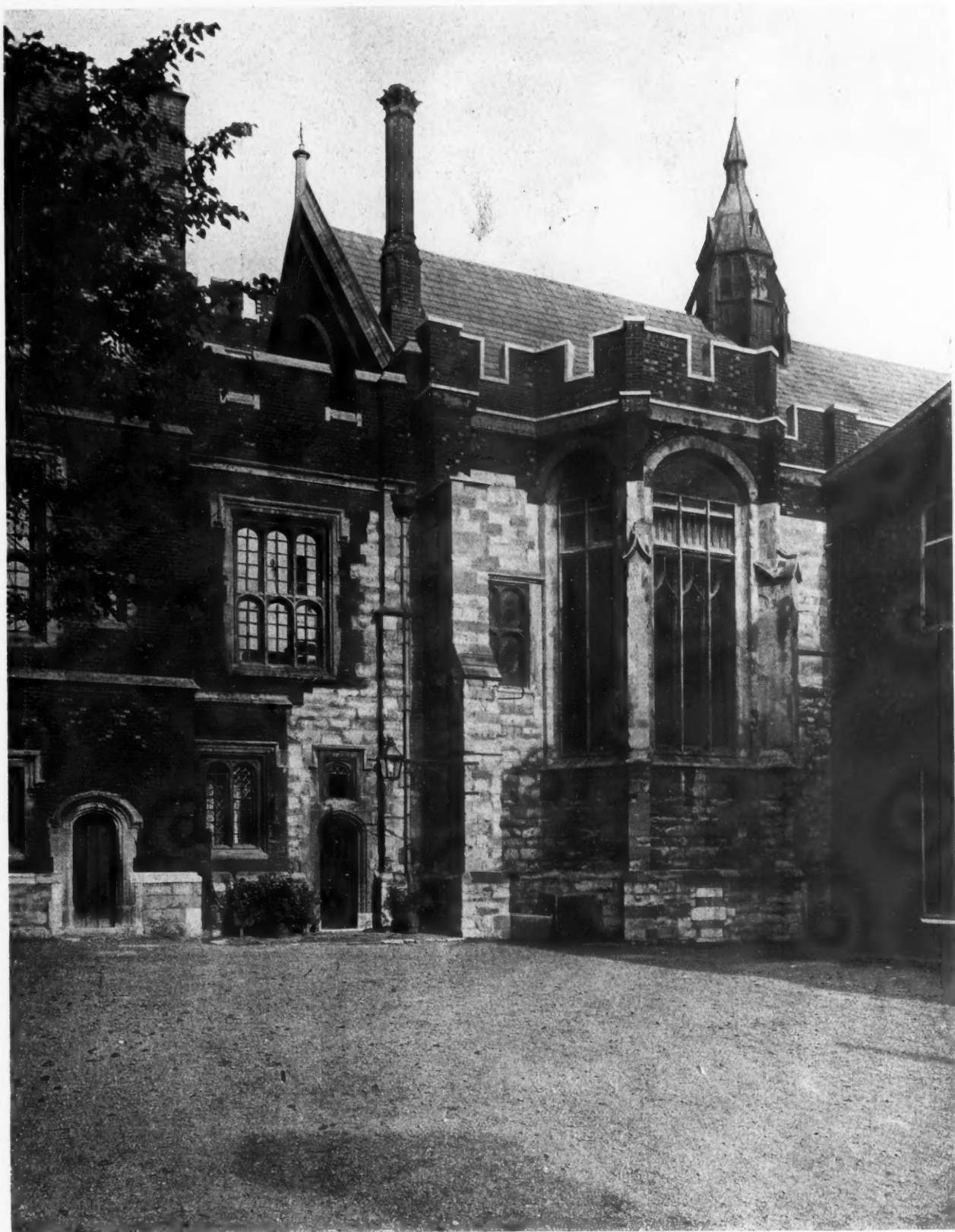


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1.—CLOISTER PUMP AND HALL STEPS.  
Showing the arcading of 1728, above which is the library.

"COUNTRY LIFE."





Copyright.

2.—COLLEGE HALL FROM BREWHOUSE YARD.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Note on this southern face the sudden cessation of Henry's stonework. On the left is the "Sluice" Tower, on the right a corner of the eighteenth century brewhouse.

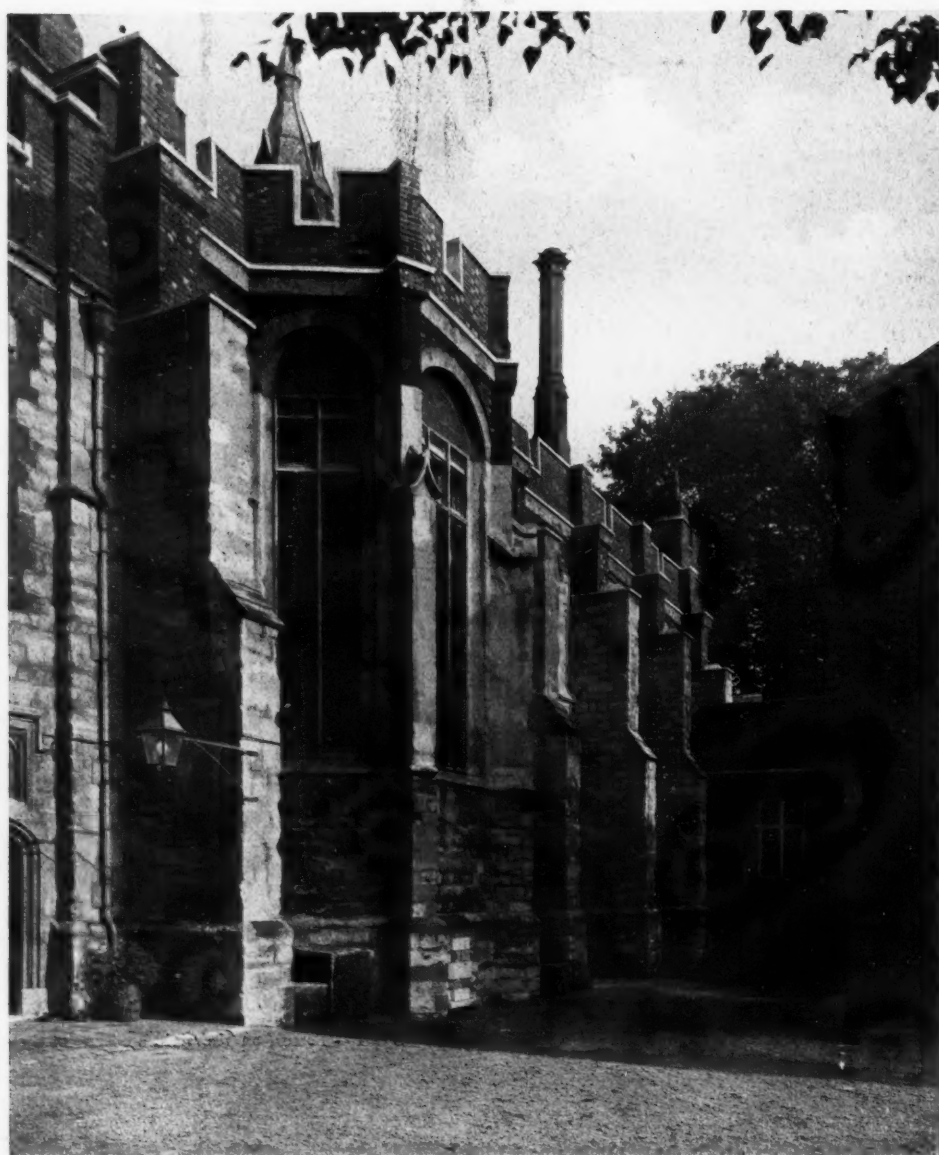


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3.—HALL STEPS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

The original four-centred arch was cut away by Lupton when he rebuilt the steps.



Copyright.

4.—SOUTH FACE OF THE HALL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Showing the truncated buttresses and eighteenth century brickwork.

to claim, as some writers do upon this account, that all the apartments here mentioned were then ready to receive their fittings. We mention this by the way, as it affects our reasoning with regard to the date of Lower School and its former cloister (COUNTRY LIFE, December 3rd). In the light of the arguments there set forth it would seem that this is the date of the cloisters being commenced, not of their partial completion.

It appears that the present site of the Hall was thus early marked out for its erection, from a small clue in the buttery. At the head of the Hall steps (Fig. 3) on the left are three hood-moulded doorways, the centre one of which gives into the buttery (Fig. 10). On our left hand as we enter runs the northern wall of this little room, and on it, 4ft. from the floor, is a stone set-off, or course of drip stones. This could only have been placed on an outside wall, and as the buttery (called "a pantry") is distinctly mentioned as being built at the same date as the Hall, therefore this outside wall must be earlier than 1445, when the Hall buildings were begun. This would, therefore, have been the outside or southern face of a part of the southern cloister buildings, which, however, stopped short at this point and left space for the erection of the Hall. This portion of the cloister buildings seems, indeed, to have been the first to be erected, for, beginning from this point, the builders worked along the eastern and northern sides, and appear to have commenced the western side of the cloisters, which latter was demolished by Lupton in 1516 (Article I). They certainly never finished the south-west corner of the cloisters which would have abutted on to the dais, or western, end of the Hall, and have contained the Provost's lodging, although a small door (seen in Fig. 5) was constructed for the Provost to use when he came to Hall. The only portion anywhere near completed in that quarter was the basement of the sluice tower, which was, of course, essential for the working of the *cloaca maxima* that ran beneath the exterior turrets of the college.

In 1446 the clerk of the works went to see William de la Pole, Marquess of Suffolk, who was throughout Henry's chief architectural adviser and a liberal patron of the college, especially to settle upon the details of the Hall, which were accordingly rehearsed in the "Will," signed in 1448. We have





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5.—COLLEGE HALL, LOOKING WEST.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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6.—LOOKING EAST.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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7.—ONE OF THE FOUNDER'S FIREPLACES IN HALL. "COUNTRY LIFE."



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8.—THE ORIEL WINDOW.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

The ceiling and arch of wood in default of stone. Note the reading grille.

already dealt with this document at considerable length in the two previous articles, and it will, therefore, be sufficient for us here to remind ourselves that it was a *jeu* of Henry's rather than a sober tabulation of builders' instructions. Thus, while the Hall is described therein as occupying its present position, the cloister, which must have been practically completed by that date, is entirely ignored, and even the Hall is somewhat different from the structure at that time in building. It is described, for instance, as being entered from the quadrangle—which the document substituted for the cloister—by a gate beneath a turret; it also was to have an oriel window looking north upon this quadrangle, to correspond with the existing oriel looking south upon Brewhouse Yard. Of neither of these features is there the slightest trace, and it is to be doubted very much whether they were ever seriously contemplated. The *Will* also mentions the pantry, as we have already noticed, and the Provost's lodging at the west end of the Hall, which was, we have explained, never completed.

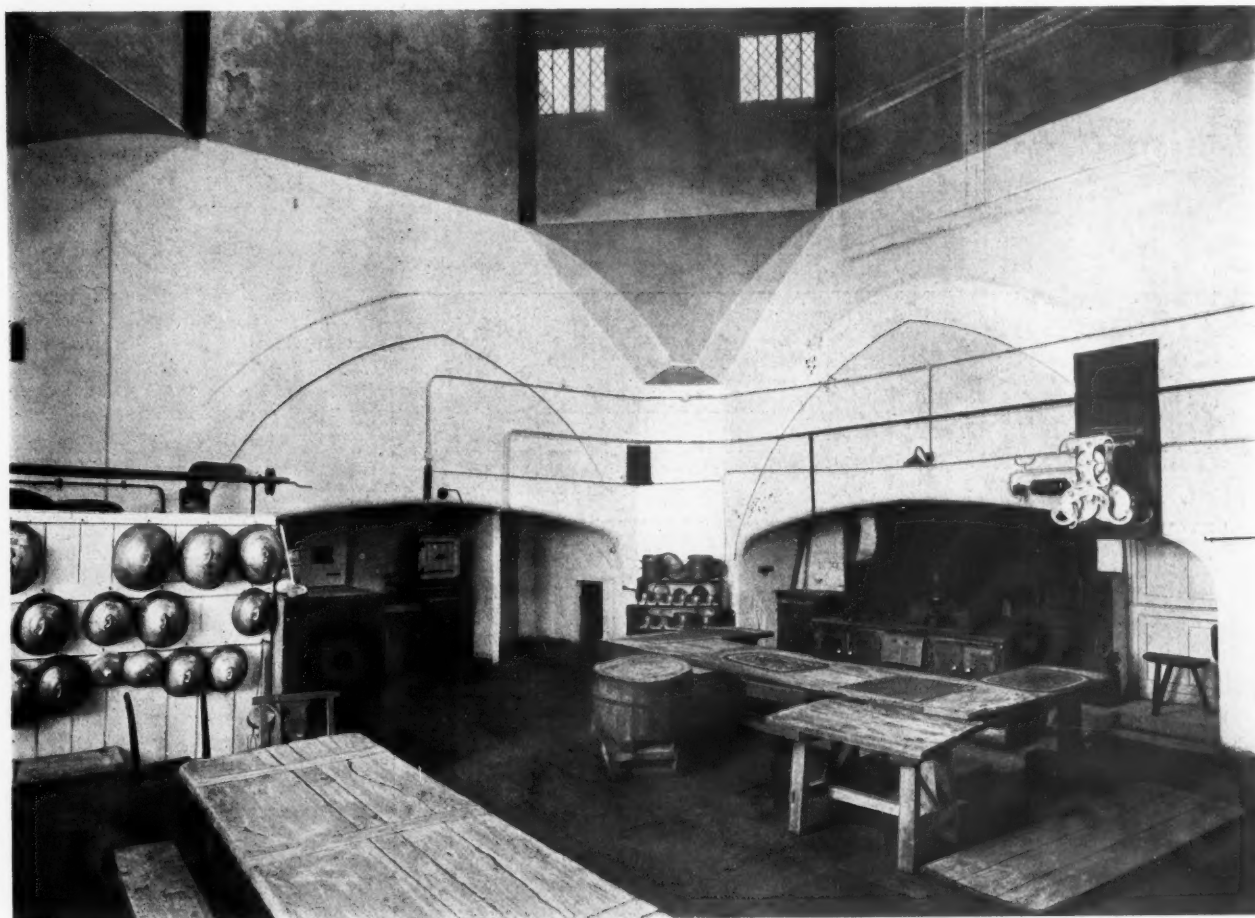
Towards the end of 1449 we find an entry in the accounts of the purchase of a high table, which suggests that the Hall was finished. This is confirmed in the following year by purchases of rushes for the floor. We will now, therefore, proceed to Brewhouse Yard and discuss the very peculiar exterior of the building. The northern face is not visible, owing to the Library built against it in the eighteenth century, so that this side and the two ends are all we have to go upon. It will be seen, by glancing at Fig. 2, that the stonework ends abruptly at a line above the windows. The brickwork surmounting this, formerly plastered over, is of the same date as the library—1728—when the Hall was repaired "after the model of Mr. Rowland," the architect. We have no information as to the appearance of the Hall before these alterations, but several engravings show that Rowland inserted a Venetian window at the west end, if not at the east end also, which has since been replaced by a more suitable one.

The question now arises, why does the fifteenth century stonework suddenly cease? We may at once set aside the suggestion that Rowland had it taken down and replaced the work with his own brick. In the first place, such an action would have been useless; in the second, the oriel window has a wooden ceiling carved and ribbed in a manner contemporary with its tracery (Fig. 8), which would not have been so if Rowland had lowered it. Rowland, however, seems not to have materially altered the shape of the main roof, although he may have reconstructed it and placed the corbels in new places—one of them being directly over one of the small two-light



windows (Fig. 6). It is these windows, indeed, that are the greatest puzzle; unfortunately, they cannot be seen in Figs. 2 or 4, owing to the projection of the buttresses between which they are set. They consist, however, of two cinquefoil lights, with a single plain deep external reveal that contains both lights. On the upper face of the transoms there are signs of mitring for the reception of the mullion of an upper light. If the upper lights of the windows were ever constructed, they have entirely disappeared, their place being taken by coved arched recesses somewhat similar to those over the oriel lights. This unusual window design happily remains more or less intact in the doorway to the headmaster's house shown in Fig. 12, although in this case it is the lower lights that have been cut away for the insertion of a doorway. The single roll moulding, however, that would have contained the lower lights remains, and is exactly the same as the moulding of these hall windows. We have, therefore, a precedent for an upper pair of lights above such a moulding; but can we assume that such lights ever surmounted the hall windows? If we also assume, for a reason that we will immediately enquire into, that the stonework was never any higher,

and the carpenters, whose services on the chapel were not now needed, were turned on to building the roof, in spite of walls and windows being short of their intended height. In a sentence, the carpenters who had signed on for chapel roof and stalls were turned on to finishing the hall in the absence of the masons. Such an explanation is borne out by the interior of the oriel window (Fig. 8). A suitable wooden ribbed ceiling was put on it, and the columns surmounted by a flat wooden arch instead of the more handsome stone one which was, no doubt, intended. But can this explanation be made to fit an even more strange anomaly—connected with the three fireplaces, none of which, when they were discovered behind the panelling in 1858, had any chimneys? That they are a later insertion, yet not completed, cannot be maintained, as they each have a magnificent iron fire-back stamped "H vi R" surmounted by the Lancastrian crown and flanked by roses and engaged pinnacles. That our theory accounts for this lack of chimneys might be argued, but I, for one, have not sufficient ingenuity or space at my disposal to do so. The carpenters, however, had a remedy—the construction of a louvre, so that an open hearth in the middle of the floor served the purpose of warming the Hall.



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## 9.—THE KITCHEN.

Fireplaces, probably 1450; the octagonal lantern roof, 1508.

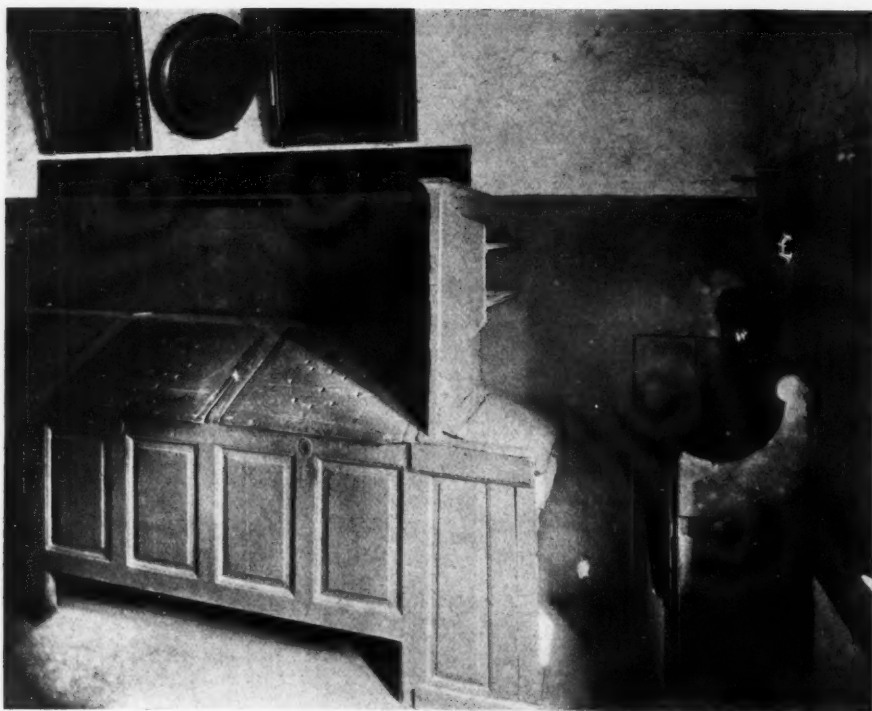
"COUNTRY LIFE."

we find that the transoms of these windows are on the same level as the line where the masonry ceases. It therefore looks as though windows and walls were neither of them carried up to their full height, as it is quite certain that the walls at neither end attained their intended lateral extent. For not only does the stonework cease irregularly to the west of the oriel (Fig. 2), but also above the buttery, where, it would seem, a chamber was contemplated to surmount it.

We have already said that the Hall design was sanctioned in 1446. Two years later the revised version of the *Will* caused the demolition of the first chapel, while in 1449 work was commenced on the new one. Is it not possible to suppose that the masons, who had, towards the end of 1447, ceased work on the chapel, then turned their attention to building the Hall, but that before they had got any further than the first stage of the windows they were called back to the chapel to undo their work, and remained there for the next ten years? The want of a hall was felt more every year as the numbers of scholars increased; already in 1446 a building called "the Old Hall"—probably a converted barn or cottage—had to be enlarged. In 1448-49 the necessity for roofing in the Hall may have become so pressing that the masonry was just finished off in a tidy line,

Returning once more to the cloister whence we came, we see in Fig. 1 the refreshing spectacle of Cloister Pump. Its water is reputed to come from an immense depth and to taste very sweet. But to appreciate it to the full you must have been playing cricket all the afternoon on Dutchman's Farm beneath a July sun; you must drink it in haste, bat and pads beneath your arm, and your loins girded to hurry you to answer your name at "Absence" in School Yard.

Though this cloister is of eighteenth century construction, the wall on the Hall side, containing the vaults, has a casing of Caen stone, probably of Lupton's erection. The steps to Hall seem to have been unsatisfactory—they probably did not begin to rise until inside the archway and were, therefore, somewhat steep. So much so that Lupton in 1510 rebuilt them at an easier gradient, throwing out into the cloister the platform seen in Fig. 1. This, however, rendered the archway too low, so the four-centred mouldings were cut away up to the hood mould—which terminates, by the way, in the diamond-shaped stop characteristic of Henry VI's buildings. Having thus weakened the arch, he constructed the flattened coved arch immediately behind it, seen in the same picture, and in Fig. 3.



Copyright.

10.—IN THE BUTTERY.  
Bread bins and the butler's seat (1728).

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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11.—THE BUTTERY WINDOW.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Returning to Hall with a view to examining its contents rather than its construction, we pass through the screen (1858) and see at the further end a canopy of the same date. The side walls, however, retain the panelling set up in 1547, surmounted by an embattled cornice with a small coved member studded with four-petalled roses (Fig. 7). On the wall at the northern end of the dais hangs a great picture of Venice, signed "Odoardus Fialettus 1611," and presented by Sir Henry Wootton, who, before he came to Eton as Provost, was ambassador to that State. It is perhaps worth remembering that one of the most important results of James I's otherwise not very successful foreign policy was the permanent establishment in foreign capitals of these Ministers, such as Digby at Madrid and Anstruther at Copenhagen—the embryo, as it were, of the Foreign Office. Pepys noticed the picture when he dined in Hall during Plague year.

The buttery, until a few weeks ago, remained exactly as it was, with its bread bins and butler's desk, when it was redecorated probably at the time of Rowland's reconstruction. On its walls hang pictures, delightfully bad ones, of two eminent college butlers, and pewter dishes stand on shelves. A few weeks ago, however, the desk (Fig. 10) at which for two centuries successive butlers had sat and kept their tale of bread and beer, was removed to make room for a plate rack.

Beyond the buttery hatch—which is inserted in one of the three doorways that face the Hall, the other one communicating with the upper gallery by a stair, we come to a flight of worn wooden steps that lead down to the kitchen. They are mentioned as being of wood, and to have been contained by a vaulted passage so early as 1484; probably, being of solid barks of timber, they have never been renewed. In 1766 Thomas James, subsequently a famous headmaster of Rugby, drew up a lengthy document describing the curriculum and sports in vogue at Eton in his time. Among the latter appear such favourites as cricket, football and fives, but also diversions less popular to-day, such as peg-top, hoops, marbles, kites, slides in school and slides down the sides of the stairs from cloisters to college kitchen. The latter sport apparently became a nuisance, so that the authorities caused blocks of wood to be fastened to the inviting surface; that this effectually put a stop to the game you can prove by trying to play it yourself. Descending the steps in the more approved manner we find ourselves outside the kitchen.

The kitchen is built upon arches beneath which used to flow Baldwin's Beck, a stream upon whose side was built the gabled house called Baldwin's Shore. Sandby's sketch of the kitchen in about 1750 shows this brook running rapidly beneath its arches, and





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12.—THE NORTHERN ENTRANCE TO CLOISTERS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

The window, since converted into a door, is comparable with the unfinished Hall windows.

taking with it, no doubt, the refuse of the scullery. Just before it reached the kitchen arches Baldwin's Beck was partly diverted beneath Brewhouse Yard to the sluice, whence its water performed a similar sanitary office for the rest of the College, eventually rejoining itself a little below the kitchen. It flowed with such force that in 1822 an unfortunate boy who chanced to fall into this unsavoury tide was drowned, and a tablet commemorates the fact on one of the southern buttresses of Chapel "as a warning to incautious youth to avoid that element which caused him his death and so much grief and sorrow to his friends."

The kitchen is a square building, the lower walls of which were built at the same time as the Hall. In 1507, however, Lupton began his series of rebuildings by removing the roof and constructing what was called "the Upper Kitchen"—in other words, the great octagonal lanthorn which now surmounts it.

Of the original building there are considerable remains. The south-west angle suggests that, at any rate, those of its faces that looked away from College and were thus seen by travellers on the high road were built of stone to a height of some eight feet, whence brick continued it to the roof. Its north-western angle and its north face remain unaltered. These are of brick only, as being screened by Chapel and Hall; the north wall rises in corbie-steps to a chimney-surmounted gable. As to its actual date we cannot be quite certain, but in 1448 there is a note of the removal of the kitchen and the completion of the bakehouse, though the "Will" puts both of these offices in

what is now Weston's Yard. In 1449, however, the number of bricks specially made in the Royal kiln at Slough rose from 60,000 to 123,000, which may indicate the construction of the kitchen; and in 1451 the clerk of the works went into Kent to choose stone for paving the floor. Whatever the date, there is no reason to suppose that the great fireplaces have changed much, or that they were ever open up to the pointed relieving arches which take the weight off the flatter fireplace openings; Lupton's work was probably confined to improving the ventilation and lighting by constructing the lanthorn, for Henry's kitchen was apparently lighted by small two-light windows high up in the walls, similar to the one shown in Fig. 9. The eighteenth century left its traces in the beautiful rain-water head, now used as a miniature cistern, in the chair with the College arms painted on the splat in its back, seen above the table in Fig. 9, and in the clockwork spit, still scrupulously clean, although a more economical method of roasting has lately been introduced. How many thousands of legs of mutton have been turned in time to its ticking you may work out from the following extract from "Eton of Old":

Collegers, from time immemorial, have been fed on nothing but mutton all the year round—always roast—not even an occasional boiled variety: Southdown, fairly aged and cooked to perfection, eaten on pewter plates, with broad horn-handled, two-pronged forks, and broad round-bladed knives, technically Americanised as pea-eaters,

CHRISTOPHER HUSSEY.

## THE HEADMASTER OF ETON

"ALL through my life I have suffered from those who would not begin at the beginning," said the late Headmaster of Shrewsbury in his book, "A Schoolmaster's Apology"; and since, in his later publications as Headmaster of Eton, Dr. Alington has not announced that his change of office has freed him from this trial, his biographer, at least, will not lay himself open to the charge of having added to the burden. He will therefore begin at the beginning.

The Rev. Cyril Argentine Alington, D.D., was born on October 22nd, 1872, the second son of the Rev. H. G. Alington of Candlesby, Lincolnshire. Educated at Marlborough, whither he went to Mr. Chappel's House in 1886, he gained a high reputation both in scholarship and games, being in the Cricket Eleven in 1891, and winning a classical scholarship to Trinity College, Oxford. His career at the University foreshadowed great things in future years, for in 1893 he obtained a first class in Moderations, to be followed two years later by a "first in Greats." Nor did his success end here, for in 1897, a year after he had returned to his old school as an assistant master, that most exclusive society, All Souls College, Oxford, elected him to the highly

prized honour of a Fellowship. For three years Dr. Alington stayed at Marlborough, but in 1899, he was selected to fill a place on the staff, and so made his first appearance at Eton.

The next landmark in Dr. Alington's life was certainly the year 1904, when, as a non-Etonian who had been but five years at Eton, he became Master in College. His position was not an easy one, but there is a story still treasured in the mind of an old Colleger which shows in what spirit the difficulties were faced. This Old Etonian, who had come back as a master, was asked to tea by some Collegers. He sought out the Master in College to get, as custom demanded that he should, permission to visit the boys. Failing to find him, the master went to tea without the permission, and made his apologies afterwards for not having first got leave to be in College. "My dear —," replied Dr. Alington, "I have far more need to ask your leave to be in College." It was, too, an exceptionally brilliant collection of people over whom this comparative stranger was called to rule, including as it did such scholars as Ronald Knox, Patrick Shaw Stewart and Charles Lister, and the affection in which he was held was a proof of his influence during his time in College.

The other event of importance which marked this year was the marriage of Dr. Alington to the Hon. Hester Lyttelton, and in 1908 Dr. Alington was appointed Headmaster of Shrewsbury, where he found ample scope for his abilities. The breathless rapidity with which the numbers of the school and new buildings rose simultaneously was evidence of his energy and success.

In 1916 the retirement of Dr. Lyttelton, his brother-in-law, left vacant the Headmastership of Eton, and Dr. Alington was appointed in his place. Looked on with natural suspicion as a non-Etonian, who must therefore be a revolutionary, at a time when everything seemed to be in the melting pot, he was confronted with a task which was far from easy. The times were and are changing rapidly, and old institutions, if they are to justify their existence, must needs conform in some measure to these changes. To accomplish this without altering the essential characteristics of Eton, to adjust financial difficulties, to effect economies, to provide for new demands in education are all matters fraught with difficulties, not to be disposed of in a day. But it is hardly even an open secret that, could he have his

own way, the Headmaster would prefer that if only one ancient language is to be taught, that language should be Greek.

The real test of success in a school is to be found in its reputation, and surely never was the reputation of Eton higher than at the moment. If Eton cannot boast of an Etonian Headmaster, she can at least boast of one who is endowed with many and great gifts used whole-heartedly for Eton. Dr. Alington is a man of catholic tastes and varied interests. There are few better preachers heard in College Chapel; as a conversationalist he is unsurpassed, with a sublime sense of the ridiculous and an amazingly quick wit; he is very widely read, and is gifted with an astonishing memory and a voice which those who have heard him read Dante Rossetti's poem, "Mother, Mary Mother," or the Death of Socrates are not likely to forget; he is a brilliant speaker, a great financier—has he not started the Eton Fund?—an inspiring teacher, a keen athlete, an original thinker and writer, as his "Twenty Years," "A Schoolmaster's Apology" and his two books of Fables prove; and his hospitality is unequalled. Eton may surely be proud of such a Headmaster.

## MR. DRINKWATER'S CROMWELL\*

IT would be difficult to find either in literature or life a more striking contrast than that between Mr. Drinkwater and Oliver Cromwell, the subject of his new play. Mr. Drinkwater at his best moment is a very charming writer of lyrical verse, for which he has great gifts. Among these are a fine clarity of thought and a faculty for making the images used in verse as definite and beautiful as the shadows cast by a full moon. His language corresponds with the thought it is meant to express. He is a delicate and refined, rather than a very vigorous writer. His sentences go direct to the sentiments they are meant to clothe, but the language has never the surge and fury that boil up in the greatest of our dramatists. Some recognition of this may perhaps account for the dedication of the book to Bernard Shaw—"The Master Dramatist of his age." One cannot help exclaiming *en passant*, "What an extraordinary age it must be to choose such a master!"

Oliver Cromwell was a riddle to his contemporaries and he has remained a riddle ever since, a man full of contradictions. You feel it even in his language. He could mouth and cant like Barebones himself, and at other times had the truth, directness and force of a great soldier. Those who read his speeches and letters cannot fail to see that the inward man was full of doubts, hesitations and self-criticism generally. That was partly due to his being a man of moods, but still more so in our opinion to his having stripped off many of the old-fashioned conventions which are the highways that mediocrity treads in safety. He had often to exercise a great independence of judgment, and it is not to his discredit that at times he questioned decisions taken on the spur of the moment. He was, in action, a counterpart of a genius in the realm of thought. Both have a habit of looking at things as they see them with their own eyes and disregarding completely what has been hitherto reckoned the safe and right method of interpretation. Here is a very difficult character for the playwright to handle.

As might have been expected, Mr. Drinkwater has rendered the story in his own dainty manner. At the beginning, he gives a list under the heading "The Characters are (*in order*):" The two words "*in order*" intrigue one. Is it in order of merit or importance, or what? Whatever else the order is, it is amusing. Mrs. Cromwell, Oliver's mother, comes first, and Charles I last, following his secretary. The ghost of Charles, if able to take account of mortal things, must consider this degradation worse even than the execution. That act is performed, needless to say, outside the stage scene and is recorded in a conversation between the three women in the play, Cromwell's mother, his wife and his daughter. They do not recognise that Charles, as the poet saw him:

... nothing common did, or mean,  
Upon that memorable scene.

Nor does any messenger relate to them that the dying Stuart made the speech of a king from the scaffold. There is only Ireton's "Yes. It is done," and Mrs. Cromwell's "Poor, silly king. Oliver will be here directly. Shut the window, Henry." The stage direction is:

Then, unseen and unheard, Cromwell comes in, moving slowly, his coat and hat still on, his boots carrying snow. He looks at his people, all with their backs to him. He walks across the room, and stands behind his mother, looking into the fire.

It does not seem at all adequate.

Mrs. Cromwell, Oliver's mother, is eighty when the play opens and ninety when she dies. At her own request, a little

song, which is heard earlier in the play, is quietly sung by Amos as she is gradually falling into sleep and sleep into death.

When I shall in the churchyard lie,  
Poor scholar though I be,  
The wheat, the barley, and the rye,  
Will better wear for me.

For truly have I ploughed and sown,  
And kept my acres clean,  
And written on my churchyard stone  
This character be seen.

"His flocks, his barns, his gear he made  
His daily diligence,  
Nor counted all his earnings paid  
In pockets-full of pence."

The actual ending of the play is a prayer by Cromwell at the side of his mother's deathbed. The idea may have been to show the drama as it appeared to the eyes of age, but one is afraid that age is not able. The effect cannot but be touching to an audience, but that is all. We do not wonder what Bernard Shaw would have made of the situation, but recall the incomparable dirge in "Cymbeline":

Fear no more the heat o' the sun,  
Nor the furious winter's rages;  
Thou thy worldly task hast done  
Home art gone; and ta'en thy wages:

which is a complete summary of that matter.

Attention must, however, be concentrated more on the character of Cromwell himself. In a play, perhaps it was necessary to make him wholly a righteous man, especially as the judgment of all who count is more in favour of Cromwell to-day than it ever was before. He does not cut a less, but a greater figure now than he did when living. It is recognised that the man was honest. No one could be dishonest who had his power of looking facts straight in the face. It was owing to this that after the Battle of Edgehill he clearly defined the issue that had to be fought out. The problem he had to solve was to find a spirit with which he could infuse his followers to fight and endure with the courage and resolution of Rupert, and the Cavalier sons of gentlemen, whom he typified. For honour they would do anything whereas Oliver found that his "old decayed serving-men and tapsters and such kind of fellows" required some higher motive to make them into good fighting men. He found this in religion and also in his own organising power. After that, they called him "Ironsides," and it was the Ironsides that decided the conflict between King and Parliament. He acted in the way he had actually explained: "You must get men of a spirit that is likely to go on as far as gentlemen will go, or you will be beaten still." He knew that as the officers were, so would the men be. "If you choose godly, honest men to be captains of horse, honest men will follow them." It was always the same with him. Whether it was a question of draining the fens or dethroning a king, he looked at the matter with his own clear eye and decided promptly on what was to be done. Mr. Drinkwater has got all this right, but it is watered down. Where we expected to find a tumultuous stream, we discover a beautiful purling brook.

The chief merit of the book is that it reflects the spirit of England during the Commonwealth while, at the same time, it gives expression to that of to-day. The execution of Charles I will ever remain a landmark in history. It forms the basis of a great advance in popular government. The Great War has proved to be a similar landmark and the thoughts of men are



in that state of solution and excitement that moved England under the Protectorate. Whether we shall lapse from that into the state of frivolity and immorality that distinguished the reign of the Merry Monarch, or go on confidently to a greater civilisation, depends to a large extent on the wisdom of those who are guiding the national destinies.

\* Oliver Cromwell, by John Drinkwater. (Sidgwick and Jackson.)

**The Bridge Across**, by Allen Harker. (Murray, 7s. 6d.)

IF the human beings in *The Bridge Across* were as much alive as the horses and dogs, the daffodils and early tulips, the "slender swaying things in green hoods and green cloaks" of Little Leedon garden, the yellow hammers flashing over the sweet-smelling hedgerows of Casterly, Mrs. Allen Harker's new story would be more convincing. Characterisation is not achieved by startling phrases, such as the statement that the heroine's personality is "like the clashing of cymbals," or that her friend's cook resembled a polyanthus. All the

principal people in the book move before us in a haze. The lonely child Raby, her drug be-mused father, the maternal Mrs. Underwood, the perfect prig Austin, the bronzed, lean explorer Colonel Gray, comfortable Mrs. Chester, are one and all like the giants in the fairy tale—they have no souls and when you look behind, they are hollow inside. The haze extends, moreover, to the moral perceptions of Raby and her friends, who appear to have but one clearly defined moral obligation—that of loyalty to friends and kindred. Mrs. Allen Harker is at her best when she forgets her theme, and when she is happily sketching Raby's country-bred childhood. Bates, the old stud-groom, racy of the turf and the kennels; Biddy, the grim, devoted nurse; the understanding horses, the "dog puppy with the very black eye" are all perfectly and delightfully alive. It is when she attempts work on a larger scale that there falls on Mrs. Harker the deserved penalty of those who write tracts. Her skill in drawing children, her sensitive love of beasts and birds and flowers, of English gardens and hedgerows, makes us wish for a book of country sketches from her pen—a book, we hasten to add, free from certain cheap irreverences, and from such additions to the mother tongue as "admirative" and "alacritously."

## THE YORK & AINSTY HUNT HORSES

A CAVALRY officer about to be stationed at York asked a friend who knew the country what sort of horse he ought to take in order to hunt with the York and Ainsty Hounds. "The best you have," was the answer. The advice was sound. No inferior, hardly even a fair, hunter could cross the York and Ainsty country with satisfaction and safety to the rider. No hunting country in England has a better record for sport than the York and Ainsty; but no part of England makes severer demands on the courage and staying power of the horses ridden by those who would see hounds. To watch hounds at their work is the aim of most of the followers of the Hunt. The element of competition is less noticeable than in the Midlands. The York and Ainsty shows us nearly every difficulty that a hunting country can have except steep hills; for, unless on the Knaresborough side of the Hunt, there are few hills. The country round York is the most level I ever rode over; but, although hills are a sore trial to the heavier men, yet the level country makes it necessary that we should ride nearer to hounds if we are to see them, and a more undulating country is less tiring for horses. The York and Ainsty hunter must stay, for when the weather is wet, scent is best, and the deep, holding clays ride heavily, while the simplest fences are formidable enough when we have to jump out of clay hock deep. There is a certain amount of plough. At one time this country was practically all plough, but gradually there has come to be an increasing quantity of grass, and perhaps half the country is now under grass; but the soil is the same, and even the grass is holding in wet weather. Therefore, a horse must stay for ever. He must have powerful back and loins and sound hocks; but these alone would not qualify a horse for the York and Ainsty. He must have blood, he must be able to go on jumping when he is half tired, and, withal, he must be fast, for the York and Ainsty has a good pack, the country often carries a scent, the foxes are stout and wild, and long

hunts are not uncommon. On a scenting day in the York and Ainsty country the horse will have done a full day's work before he reaches his stable door in the evening. But not even yet have I touched on what is the greatest difficulty we have to contend with in the York and Ainsty country, and the one quality which the Yorkshire hunter should possess. We can never safely leave the water jumper at home, or, rather, the horse that is shy of water should have no place in a Yorkshire hunting stable; for the ditches are wide, the drains are deep, clean cut,

and, though most are within the compass of a fresh horse, they make a great tax on the strength of a half-tired horse. The brooks, too, are fairly wide, and the banks not always very sound. At all events, there are few days on which water does not claim some victims in this Hunt. That is why we need, above all things, courage in the horses, so that they may take off boldly at the drains and brooks. Not always shall we be as fortunate as the man who came down to the Alne drain riding his hardest. On the edge the horse stopped so suddenly that the rider was shot over its head to land on his feet on the other side; then the horse, relieved of his rider's weight, jumped the drain and landed safely beside his master.

When Lord Furness, after helping the Hunt through the difficult days of the war (and cheering the hearts of many men on leave by showing them some capital sport), resigned he was succeeded by Captain Whitworth, who has shown excellent sport. Three of the Master's horses are shown us here. We may presume that the one on which the Master is shown—Carbery—is a great favourite. Certainly his portrait suggests to our minds several reasons why he should be. To begin with, a horse that can be ridden over a stiff country on a plain snaffle must have a beautiful mouth and temper. Then he is a fairly big horse and well able to spread himself in a country of drains like that round York, which is no small matter. This horse has plenty of power behind the saddle and is, no doubt,



THE MASTER RIDING CARBURY.

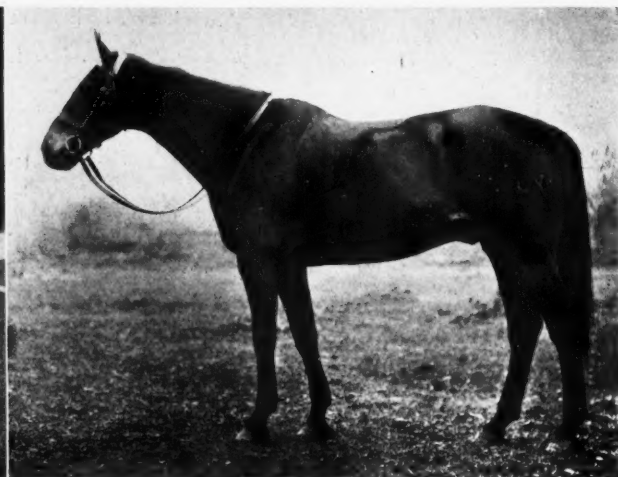


W. A. Rouch. THE HUNTSMAN ON MASTER DOWNS. Copyright.

fast. We shall not fail to notice that Carbery's knees and hocks are close to the ground. In crossing a country the man is the better for the possession of brains, but for the horse intelligence is indispensable, and Carbery looks sensible enough for anything. If from his name we suppose Mickey to be Irish, his make and shape will not contradict us; but he is built for staying—deep of girth, strong in the loins and well ribbed up, he should last for ever. Farmer Springwheat has all the appearance of a very hard horse and is probably a very comfortable ride. I notice in this and the other horses that their muscles are well developed. They all do their stud groom credit, being sufficiently high in flesh and yet hard and muscular

for the beginning of the season. Captain Whitworth is showing sport that entitles him to take his place in the history of the Hunt with his predecessors, Lloyd, Fairfax, Slingsby and Lycett Green.

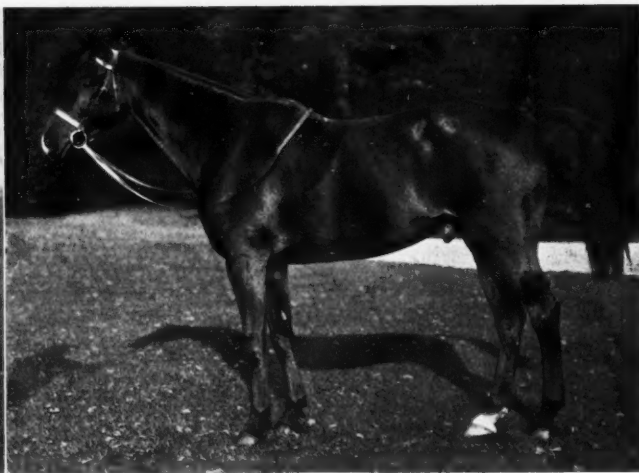
Among the professional huntsmen of to-day we have three men—Arthur Thatcher (Mr. Fernie's), Frank Freeman (Pytchley) and H. Cumpstone (York and Ainsty)—who are, by common consent, at the head of their profession. It is not only that these men understand hunting a pack of hounds, but that their abilities are peculiarly suited to the countries they hunt. Cumpstone began his hunting career as second whipper-in to the York and Ainsty, so that he had the advantage of knowing



THE MASTER'S HORSES, FARMER SPRINGWHEAT AND MICKEY.



MARY ANN AND FLUID MAGNESIA, RIDDEN BY THE HUNTSMAN.



W. A. Rouch.

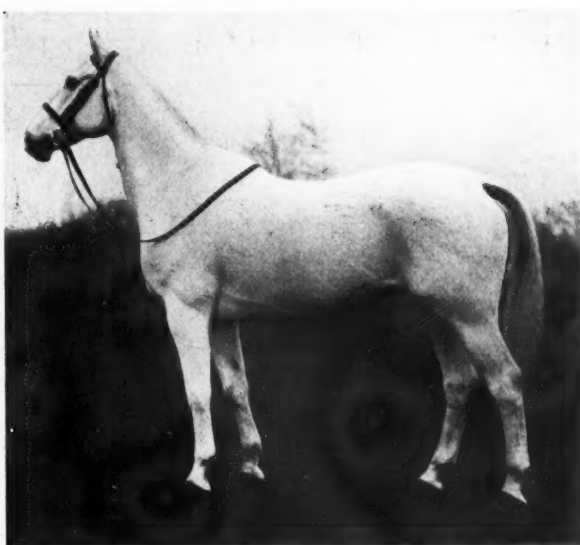
AEROPLANE AND BAY FOX, RIDDEN BY THE FIRST WHIPPER-IN.

Copyright.



the country when he returned to carry the horn in 1912; but no huntsman, be his gifts what they may, can hunt hounds well unless he has the right horses. Like the Master, Cumpstone is shown mounted on a snaffle bridle hunter, a horse of great power and substance and with the depth through the heart that tells us we have a stayer. A hunter all over is Master Downs. Another horse of rather an old-fashioned Yorkshire type is Blue Pigeon, the grey with the grand shoulder and forehead. Mary Ann is a beautiful mare full of quality, which, when her hunting career is over, is sure to make a valuable brood mare. Fluid Magnesia is another blood hunter of the galloping type, but with the deep girth which Captain Whitworth tries for and obtains in all his horses.

The first whipper-in's horses are of charming type. Bay Fox is very full of quality—just a quick, sharp horse with a turn of speed; a very suitable horse to turn hounds on. Aeroplane, so called, no doubt, because he is a flier, is a horse of more



BLUE PIGEON.

must ride to hounds. Over the level ground, the pack are soon lost to view, and a horse that cannot stay, and a rider who will not face drains will be of more use and happier in another country.

apparent power and scope than Bay Fox. Take them all in all, there could not be a better lot of horses for men who have to hunt hounds in a difficult country.

There is nothing like blood for Yorkshire, and the great Yorkshire breeders of hunters—Lord Middleton, with his favourite sire, Morocco, by King Tom, or Mr. Hall of the Holderness—have taught us this. There have been, too, some excellent mares which have brought Cleveland Bay blood into the Yorkshire studs. The York and Ainsty field has always been noted as one of the best mounted in England. In other countries, even in high Leicestershire, a rider can see something of the sport on a very moderate horse with the help of a knowledge of gates and gaps; but in Yorkshire we

X.

## AMATEURS AND PROFESSIONALS AT GOLF

BY BERNARD DARWIN.

IN his letter in last week's COUNTRY LIFE "A. C." made some very interesting comments on the respective merits of amateurs and professionals at golf, and challenged, or I should rather say invited, me to enlarge on the point. I willingly do as he tells me, but I must say at the outset that I can only offer suggestions. I can give no definite reason why the professional should in the long run play so clearly the better of the two, except the obvious one that he is paid for it. That is a very good reason. This may very likely be a dull article, but it would be duller still if I were not paid to write it.

I began by consulting the wise men of old, and turned naturally to "The Art of Golf." "Because he does not think," says Sir Walter, "the professional is better than the amateur, the uncultivated beats the educated player. The professional's theorising does not go beyond 'I hit lazy—I heeled—I topped—I sclafted—I toed.' To perceive so much is an effort of observation." Now when he wrote that Sir Walter Simpson may have been right. We shall never satisfactorily compare the players of different epochs until we are able, in words which "A.C." should know,

Somewhere upon Elysian swards  
To see them matched together.

But if he wrote it to-day he would be wrong. The professional of to-day ought not to be called uneducated, and he devotes a very great deal of hard thinking to the game, as anybody who talks to him on the subject will soon discover. He observes very closely and is always trying to learn from his observations. In fact, as far as the technique of golf is concerned, he is, as a rule, the amateur's intellectual superior.

In this connection I should like mildly to combat some of "A.C.'s" axioms—or are they postulates? "The high-class amateur," he says, "does not make his living by the game, but he practises it quite as diligently as if he did." He is a specialist; he is probably in perfect condition." Taking the last first, I do not think the good amateur is by any means always in perfect condition. Very often he does a good deal of indoor work and altogether his life is not so healthy as the professional's. Doubtless he might train more than he does without in any way making life a burden or a toil of a pleasure. There used to be quoted the saying of a Scottish professional that the only difference between himself and Mr. X., a famous amateur, was that Mr. X. had "mair to eat and mair to drink." To-day, as far as the remark has any application, it is hardly in the amateur's favour.

Nor do I think "A.C." is right in saying positively that the good amateur is a specialist. Some of the great amateurs have played other games so well as to be famous at them, such as Mr. Leslie Balfour-Melville. Some have been devoted to other sports, though not in such a way as to figure largely in the newspapers. Mr. Horace Hutchinson fished and shot, Mr. Laidlay has had a multiplicity of other outdoor interests.

The late Mr. Jack Graham had but his Saturdays for games of any sort, and he was very good at cricket and football and rackets. And is not Mr. Tolley supposed to cherish an ambition for the Centre Court at Wimbledon? Apart altogether from work, a great many of the best amateurs have done plenty of other things besides play golf. Of course they have to a considerable extent specialised in golf, but not as the professional does. Of all the famous amateurs I have known I can only think of one who, because he loved golf much, tackled it in a professional way, devoting an extremely astute intellect to hitting golf balls without worrying it over cricket or tennis or racket balls or birds or fishes. That one is Mr. Hilton, and he has won two Open Championships.

Then as to "practising diligently," the amateur often plays a great many games of golf but he does not necessarily practise in the sense of working away at a weak spot in his game. Some have done so—Mr. Hilton is a shining example—but many will not. Matches and competitions, too, make up a comparatively small part of the amateur's golfing life. The cricketer, apart, of course, from nets, is always playing a match. He does not play in a mere game. But the golfer is generally playing a private game (it is one of the blessings and charms of golf that this is so), and in a great many of them he amuses himself, tries experiments and takes life pretty easily. The professional also plays many games which do not test him or draw him out, but just because it is his job he tries, I think, pretty hard in them.

"A. C." is not easy to answer when he asks where the "great difference, or, at any rate, the obvious difference" comes in and where the professional saves those few shots by which he generally beats the amateur. The obvious difference seems to me that the professional does not make so many bad shots; he is more accurate. This would not apply to all three instances given by "A. C."—those of Mr. de Montmorency, Mr. Wethered and Mr. Tolley. Mr. de Montmorency at his best is, I should say, just about as accurate as any professional, but he lacks a little of the power of some of the giants. Mr. Wethered and Mr. Tolley have power enough and to spare, but they make occasional excursions into the "tiger country." "A. C." pertinently asks "Why should not an amateur's iron play be equally crisp as that of the professional?" When we come to analyse somebody's "crispness" we generally find that he is keeping his body very still and hitting very confidently and decisively. Both those virtues come easier to us when we are in practice, and we are not often in as good practice as the professional. But I admit that is not a complete answer. The professional has a way of playing his iron clubs which very few amateurs have succeeded in imitating, though there is nothing to prevent them.

If the best amateurs really desire wholeheartedly enough to get nearer to the best professional standard they will do it. In the long run they will never quite do it because it is not their job.

# NATURE IN THE ANTARCTIC\*



SITTING PENGUINS SNOWED UP AFTER BLIZZARD.



A LITTLE CARESS.



CEREMONY OF CHANGING GUARD.



BUILDING THE NEST.



ADMIRING THE EGGS.



SKUAGULLS STEALING PENGUINS' EGGS.

MR. HERBERT PONTING has written a simple and popular account of Captain Scott's famous expedition to the Antarctic. It should serve a good purpose, the official book on the subject, that does indeed tell the dramatic story, but is too full of technical information to be easily read by young people or those of their elders who have only general information about the subject. Captain Scott himself was very keen about boys and girls taking an interest in voyages of research and discovery. He thought familiarity with such adventures as Polar expeditions would help to stimulate "a fine and manly spirit in the rising generation." There never was a time when this stimulation was more needed. The average youth of this country, as soon as he has passed the years of boyhood, is taught to think of one object only, and that is, how to make money. He is tempted to regard money as the one essential of life. If he is told of any career or occupation that there is no money in it, the chances are that he will turn away and seek for something else. Now, in all times and in all countries the love of money has been carried to excess, but, perhaps, never more than now has it laid hold on the imagination. A few years ago America was regarded as pre-eminently the country where the "Almighty Dollar" was worshipped. She has not been able to retain that bad pre-eminence. Her example has spread over continents, and there are signs that the Americans have begun to appreciate the falseness of the doctrine that others are so freely adopting. One, and, perhaps, the most effectual, way of combating the degrading lust of money is to show the young how they may satisfy their needs in life in comparative poverty by high deeds that are profitless in the eyes of Mr. Worldlywiseman. That



there is the same generous craving on the part of a considerable portion of the population to embark on high adventures which hold the promise of honour rather than of gold was proved by the fact that some ten thousand volunteers came forward to join the Scott Expedition. It was still more markedly demonstrated when, at the country's call, the flower of our young manhood voluntarily enlisted. There was no money temptation to them. The soldier received a pittance of a wage, and he went holding his life, as it were, in one hand, ready at any time to sacrifice it. It is impossible to believe that this splendid outburst of sacrificial duty will not bear good fruit in the years to come. The same spirit was manifested by those who joined the Army and by those who accompanied Scott on his heroic expedition.

Mr. Ponting has many qualifications for the task he has undertaken. He writes simply, clearly and without pretence or affectation. He has the power and habit of observation far beyond the ordinary man. His photographs are famed for their technical accuracy and artistic beauty, but still more for the keen eye which has never failed to catch what is characteristic in animal life. This really is set forth excellently in Lady Scott's Introduction to the volume, which consists chiefly of extracts about Mr. Ponting from the diary kept by Captain Scott, who, in the first entry, writes with a twinkle in his eye of Ponting spending "all day and most of the night in what he calls 'gathering it in' with camera and cinematograph."

There is no need for us to dwell here on the beauty of the illustrations. Many have been made familiar to everybody through the splendid films of them which have been shown; so we will confine our observations to the pictures reproduced, mostly of subjects not so widely known.

The first of the illustrations we show deals with that never ending subject of amusement—the penguin. Surely no other bird breeds in such extraordinary circumstances. The story told by Mr. Ponting is most amusing. When the weather cleared after a three days' blizzard he and a companion started out to see what had become of the birds. There was not an individual to be seen, but while they were struggling knee-deep in the snow he was almost scared out of his life at a muffled squawk and something wriggling under his foot. He had set his foot on the back of a sitting penguin—buried nearly two feet deep in the snow. The victim struggled out, protesting its wrath rather loudly, until the explorers were convulsed with laughter. The noise disturbed the others, and suddenly scores of black heads with "gollywog" eyes protruded from the snow, under which they had been quietly brooding their eggs.

The next picture show a number of incidents in the courting and nest-building of these birds. The building of the nest is a long and important business. It is made of stones, and as these are somewhat scarce in the immediate neighbourhood, the penguins try to steal them from their neighbours. The male bird collects the stones, brings them one by one to his mate, who arranges them in order about her. There is no building in the usual sense of the word. The stones are merely laid on the ground and incessantly re-arranged. Other cocks will sally out and creep up behind a hen and try to snatch a stone from her collection. The hen has to guard the stones which her mate has provided. That is what makes the business such a long one. A male bird was seen assiduously carrying up stone after stone to his mate; but no sooner had he laid it down to go to search for another than a rival came and took it away, so that it was difficult to get the stones to accumulate. As may be imagined, the birds develop suspicion to an enormous extent and are ever on the watch to stop the pilfering of their neighbours. That burly robber, the skua, makes no hesitation about stealing eggs from the penguin. The favourable moment for the skua occurs just after the eggs have been turned, in order that warmth may be applied equally, when the penguin takes the opportunity, while they are being aired, of indulging in a few exercises. That is the time for the skuas. They stand about on the adjacent rocks, or soar in circles overhead and swoop down whenever there is a chance of getting an egg. Mr. Ponting successfully got them with his camera with the eggs in their mouths. A skua-gull can pounce down very quickly on an egg and carry it away in its mouth—not by thrusting its beak into it. They do not fight with the penguins, as they are much smaller in size and would have no chance.



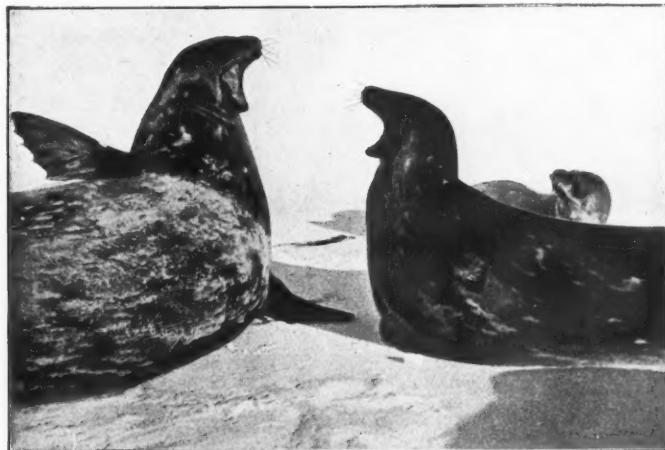
LOOKING FURTIVELY BACKWARDS.



A SEAL "SAWING" THE ICE.



WEDDELL SEAL WITH TWINS.



WEDDELL SEALS FIGHTING.

Our next group of illustrations comes from an interesting chapter devoted to a description of seal characteristics. A point in the photographer's favour, we imagine, is that in the Antarctic seals have no fear when they are out of the water. When they are in, they have always to be on the look out for their mortal enemy, the killer whale. When they come out they seem to enjoy a sleep in the sunshine, and Mr. Ponting thinks they must dream, for he says "they would start in their sleep, and snort and gnash their teeth, while a quiver ran all over their sleek, floppy forms." When the ice becomes very thick the seals find it difficult to get out for their accustomed sleep. In the first rush if they can project themselves far enough out of the water to get their side flippers on the ice, they generally work themselves out, after a good deal of floundering. If they fail, the next resource is to cut the ice with their teeth, using both upper and lower incisors and canines in the process. Affectionate as the seals are, they also have the fighting spirit in a large degree. The picture shown is of two females which each suspected the other of having designs on her offspring. With open mouths they "made passes for each other's throats; but the defence on each side was as good as the offensive, and the bout soon ended without bloodshed."



WEDDELL SEAL SUCKLING CALF.

We show a Weddell seal with twins, which the author watched for an hour or two. Sometimes the little ones would snuggle side by side and suckle together while the mother dozed. Then they would play pranks with her, brushing and tickling her face, and so on. Mr. Ponting gives a very charming account of the Razorback seal rookery at the time when breeding has proceeded.

He says that "as we neared the lee of the land, the sounds reminded me of a sheep meadow in the lambing season; for the calves bleat very much like lambs, and the call of the mothers is half way between the baaing of a ewe and the lowing of a heifer."

We have lingered over some of these pleasant details in natural history in preference to making an analytic study of the whole narrative. One feels sure that the readers Mr.

Ponting had chiefly in his eye will delight greatly in those descriptions of the drama of life as it is played out amid the ice and snow of the Antarctic regions. The penguin is a never-ending source of interest, but we are almost inclined to think that the young intelligence will be at least as much interested in those seals which live and rear their young in a country of ice and snow. It is a charming book and most charmingly illustrated.

\* *The Great White South*, by Herbert G. Ponting. (Duckworth.)

## THE UNIVERSITY RUGBY MATCH

BY LEONARD R. TOSSWILL.

**A**FTER an exciting match the Oxford forwards and the Cambridge backs won the game—for Oxford. This sounds like a slight on the winners' back division, but such an interpretation is neither intended nor deserved; they played a sound game and were quite up to the average, but they were flattered, undoubtedly, by the incompetence of their opponents. The outstanding figures among the Oxford backs were David and Goliath (the latter played under the name of T. Lawton). David began badly, but steadily improved, and was at times brilliant. His try at the beginning of the second half was the best incident in the match and was an individual effort that reminded one of the English captain, Davies. David is young and has been unlucky this season through accidents, but he has one merit that is rare in these days—he runs straight—and may in time develop into a really great centre-three-quarter.

T. Lawton (Queensland and New College) is unusually big for a half-back; he has massive shoulders and uses them in passing very much as the late J. E. Raphael did, but he has a safe pair of hands, knows the game and, when in his stride, is unexpectedly fast. Lawton opened up the game for his three-quarters admirably and had a big share in all the attacking movements. The Oxford captain, Campbell, and Van der Reit were both useful and reliable in defence. I. J. Pitman scored two tries, thanks to his pace and the openings made for him by V. R. Price.

The forwards on the winning side were splendid. They were up against a much heavier and more experienced pack, but they stuck to it up to the very end and held their own in everything except getting the ball in the tight scrummages. Maxwell-Hyslop and Marshall have been chosen to play in the next International Trial—a fitting recognition of their sterling play. The Cambridge forwards secured the ball nine times out of ten, but were ill advised in continuing to heel it when it was apparent that their backs were incapable of scoring. On the few occasions when they tried rushing with the ball at their toes they gained a lot of ground, though there were one or two who were inclined to spoil such movements by kicking too hard. Wakefield, the most brilliant forward in last year's English team, showed flashes of his best form, but was not as consistently good as usual. R. R. Stokes, a fast forward of the Wakefield type, played a fine game and has been given a place in the "South" XV; the other two Internationals, Conway and Cove-Smith, worked hard, but were not up to last season's form.

The weakest spot in the Cambridge team was at half-back. Owing to injury Thres was left out of the side at the last minute and Saxon was brought back to stand-off half-back. On the few occasions when he got a decent pass he failed to make any openings for his three-quarters, tried to bullock his way through the impenetrable wall of the Oxford defence and was invariably collared with the ball. Style, the scrum-worker, either gave slow, lobbing passes that were intercepted by his opponents without difficulty or shot the ball at Saxon's feet. When the ball did reach the three-quarters they failed to take advantage of their chances; they took their passes standing still, ran across the ground instead of straight ahead and were inclined to crowd each other up. Of the two full-backs, Forsyth was the better; both had length in their kicking, but Gardiner too often failed to find touch.

While giving Oxford full credit for their well deserved win, the result was rather disappointing—to me, at any rate. One could not help feeling irritated when, time after time, Cambridge secured the ball, heeled it out cleanly and—nothing happened!

For the first time in the history of the Rugby match the game was played at Twickenham. The innovation was a great success, and a huge crowd was enabled to watch in comfort. There was no falling off in the enthusiasm with which this particular event is always associated, and not the least grateful among the spectators were those members of the Press who have suffered many things in the past at "Queen's."

### THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT'S HUNT.

We much regret an error in our Christmas Number in connection with the coloured cover. The author of the article on the Duke of Beaufort's Hunt referred to the horseman, depicted on the cover in blue, as a "whipper-in." This was an obvious mistake. The Duke of Beaufort's Hunt is one of the few in which a radical difference exists between the uniform of the Hunt and the livery of its servants. Members of the Hunt wear blue, whereas the servants wear green. Unfortunately, the coloured plates, entitled "In Badminton Park, 1921," bound in with the issue (but not the special plates for separate sale) perpetuate the error. They show the Hunt servants in blue instead of green. The fault does not lie with the original picture which was correct. The work of Mr. Lionel Edwards by whom both drawings were made, is as famous for its accuracy as for its colour and line.



## CORRESPONDENCE

## COUNTRY PRODUCE AND THE PARCEL POST.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I enclose a letter from the Postmaster-General in answer to mine urging cheaper parcel post rates for fish and the advantages that would accrue therefrom to the household.—W. G. HOWARD GRITTEN.

"7th December, 1921.

"MY DEAR HOWARD GRITTEN,—I have your letter of the 6th instant in regard to the question of Fish Transport and the charges of the Post Office. It is impossible for me at the present time to give any promise on behalf of the Department in regard to postal rates for fish, but the Postmaster-General is very anxious if possible to reduce rates generally when the financial position has improved, and this question will naturally be taken into account. I am sorry it is not possible to say any more.—Yours sincerely, H. PIKE PEASE."

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—May I be allowed to congratulate you upon and to endorse your article on this subject. The attitude of the postal hierarchy in imposing these taxes, for in effect that is what they come to, appears to most of us to be the acme of penny wisdom and pound folly. One would have thought that the practical object lesson of the penal taxation of cigars and sparkling wines in the 1920 Budget would have taught wisdom to the Treasury officials, whose imprimitur was probably necessary, and that this example would have induced them to hold up a warning hand. The political and financial leaders of public opinion emphasise the necessity for increased production and reduction in establishment charges if the future welfare of the country is to be assured. Yet the postal service, both letter and parcel, has been made more and more expensive, and the telephone and telegraph service almost prohibitive, hampering production and increasing establishment charges, while it would almost seem that the public are beginning to exist for the convenience of the Post Office. It is to be devoutly hoped that Mr. Kellaway will find full scope for reforming zeal, and that your leading article will provide him with suitable material on which to make a beginning.—CUTHBERT JAMES.

## UNEMPLOYED EX-SERVICE MEN—A SUGGESTION TO FARMERS AND LAND-OWNERS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—During the war many people "adopted" a lonely soldier with whom they kept in touch,

a kindly act which was greatly appreciated. Thinking of this, it occurred to me that something on these lines might be done to relieve, to some extent, the appalling state of affairs with regard to the unemployed, well educated ex-Service men. There is plenty of scope for brains in modern farming, and I propose to start the movement by taking one man for a year to be trained as a farmer, particularly as to the breeding of pedigree stock and poultry. He will, during this period, receive free board-residence and, in fact, be treated in every respect as one of the premium pupils. Now, there must be thousands of farmers and stock-breeders in this country who could adopt a similar course, and I feel sure it is only necessary to suggest it for them to do so. There are very many men whose careers were interrupted by the call to arms who have now the greatest difficulty not only in obtaining employment of any kind, but also something which has future prospects. This training assures the double purpose and, in any case, gets them over the coming year, which promises to be a particularly bad one. Probably some farmers may think that they have already done enough. This may or may not be. Personally, I do not think it is possible for anyone to do too much, and I am sure if any farmer has seen, as I have, the devastated areas of Northern France and Belgium, he will realise what our country and farms would have been like but for the courage and devotion of our soldiers and sailors, and will readily respond to my appeal to extend their generosity to providing for a year for just one man who has helped to preserve our countryside from such a fate. I am sending a copy of this letter to the British Legion, 26, Eccleston Square, London, S.W.1, asking them to be good enough to receive offers and also applications and to deal with them.—E. BOSTOCK SMITH.

## A GLOUCESTERSHIRE OAK.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The letter of your latest correspondent on this subject reminds me that I omitted to mention the girth measurement of the Painswick oak. It is, at 3ft. from the ground, precisely 30ft.—ST. CLAIR BADDELEY.

## MOUNT ATHOS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I send you a snapshot of the Monastery of St. Spiridon of Mount Athos in the Salonica Peninsula. It is unfortunate that the upper portion has been renovated and thereby lost something of the imprints of its crude beginning, which is still retained by the lower portion. On arriving at the monastery the visitor fires off his gun or his pistol by way of knocking at the door which is 80ft. or 100ft. above him and to be admitted is hauled up by the solitary monks in a basket tied to a rope. Then come the thrilling moments when, squatting in the basket, one begins to ascend slowly, very slowly, or ceases to ascend altogether while the monks rest from their exertion, meanwhile turning round and round, gently swaying, on one side the bare face of the rock. The ever increasing drop beneath one is made all the more fearsome by the worn, shredded rope and the creakings of a rusty pulley.—G. T. KRAJEWSKI.

## UNSEASONABLE YOUNG ROOKS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—It may be of interest to record that towards the end of the prolonged summer, in October, the rooks in this neighbourhood (near Marlborough) started repairing their nests, and in November there were

young rooks in some of the nests in a rookery at Rushall, a village near Upavon. Up to about a week ago the young rooks could be heard, but since then their voices have gone. It is probable that the sudden change to cold weather may have killed them.—C. F. MCNIVEN.

## LORD BLEDISLOE'S EXPERIMENT.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Lord Bledisloe is reported to have opened a shop for the sale of estate produce for the benefit of workers in the neighbourhood (Lydney), and although the shop was only open for two hours twice a week the stuff was all sold and the venture proved thoroughly successful. It is stated that should the success continue it will be necessary to consider the possibility of having a shop continuously open and of extending the range of goods offered. While enabling the people to obtain such produce at lower prices than those of the ordinary village or town shops, a fair profit is at the same time obtained. This difference in prices probably represents cost of conveyance and middlemen's profits, frequently amounting to 100 per cent. on the amount obtained by the producer. The present system of sending all produce to market or for sale in large towns often a considerable distance away, although no doubt the outgrowth of prevailing conditions, is a very wasteful one, sometimes resulting in a buyer having to go miles to procure what is grown by his neighbour. There would also appear to be a possibility of developing the idea on co-operative lines so that all the farmers, allotment holders and cottagers on the estate might save taking or sending their produce to more distant markets, as well as exchange or buy to better mutual advantage. Lord Bledisloe's experiment is therefore one which should be watched with interest.—S. O'DWYER.

## TROUT IN THE LAKE OF MONTEITH.

TO THE EDITOR.

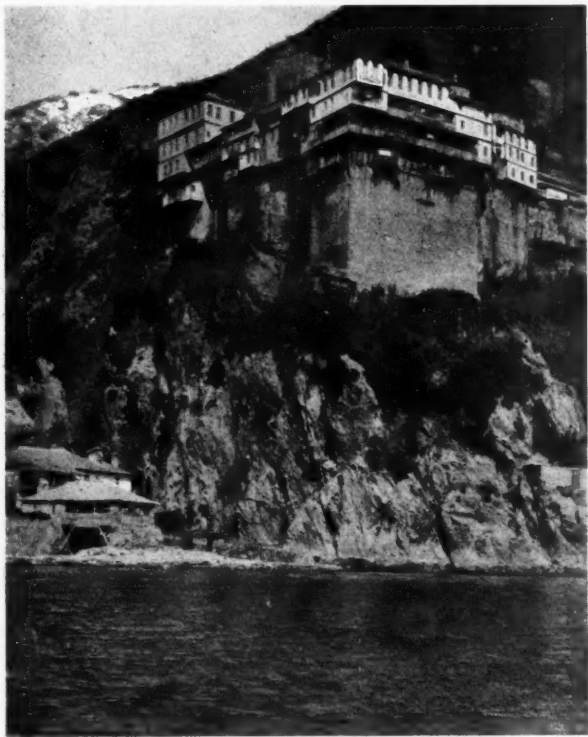
SIR,—Not only has the lake of Monteith the distinction of being the only lake in Scotland that is not called a "loch," but also, according to the records, it once afforded most excellent trout fishing. The monks, however, who lived on its shores in earlier days introduced pike into the water in order to have fish all the year round. But a syndicate has been formed that has taken on the task of clearing the lake of pike, and in five months well over a thousand pike were netted, and three times as many perch. Mr. W. McNicol, a great authority on trout fishing, is in charge of the operations, and he thinks that the lake will be sufficiently clear by the end of next year to allow trout fishing. Observations show that the trout should "do" very well in the lake, for a 4lb. trout, caught at the beginning of this season, was six years old, had spawned twice, and was 9 oz. in weight over Sturdy's scale, which showed that at the time of year he must have fed well, and the feeding in the lake must be excellent.—L. F. EASTERBROOK.

[The island of Monteith is often visited for its association with Mary Queen of Scots and its own loveliness. Many years ago we saw a native angler engaged in exterminating pike in antique fashion, his bait being attached to the leg of a goose, whose wanderings he controlled from a boat.—ED.]

## POULTRY POISONED BY LABURNUM SEED.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Whether the laburnum tree is poisonous to individuals or not, it is certainly a serious menace, if not an actual danger, to the poultry keeper. During the past summer the sudden death of several pullets which had seemed going on well puzzled the writer. A vigorous investigation was instituted and traces of poisoning were found. Observation revealed the fact that the deaths had all taken place in one flock running near a small, disused garden in which was a laburnum tree, easily accessible to the fowls. The small, pea-like pods of that tree seemed to have an attraction for the hens. Subsequent tests showed that some fowls died shortly after eating from the tree, but others appeared to be able to eat with impunity. Recent experience, however, has proved that even the fowls which seemed to eat with impunity have suffered ill effects, for they have certainly proved much less prolific layers than sisters of theirs kept in another flock, far away from the laburnum tree.—W. S.



THE MONASTERY OF ST. SPIRIDION OF MOUNT ATHOS.

SAVING THE CHOUGH.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Having read in COUNTRY LIFE of November 15th Mr. O. J. Wilkinson's "Experiences with the Chough," I think that it may be of interest to others, who have also been charmed by this delightful description, to know that, but for the efforts of the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds, there would, in all probability, by this time have been no choughs left in Britain. Since 1910 this Society has employed specially paid watchers to safeguard the nesting sites of these handsome birds. Last spring the Watchers' Committee were unable, owing to lack of funds, to engage the greatly needed services of an assistant watcher; although the birds have not increased in numbers, they have extended the coast line where their nests are situated, and this makes it almost impossible for one man to secure their preservation. Financial help towards the provision of an additional watcher would be very welcome, and might secure an increase in the numbers of British-bred choughs in the near future.—M. L. LEMON, Hon. Secretary, Watchers' Committee, Royal Society for the Protection of Birds, 23, Queen Anne's Gate, S.W.1.

A FORECAST OF THE WASHINGTON PEACE CONFERENCE.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Now that America is the scene of renewed efforts towards achieving a world peace, this



AN OLD AMERICAN PEACE MEDAL.

medal, struck more than a hundred years ago, is of interest. The Western Hemisphere of the globe, occupied by Canada and America, is shown, with the Atlantic, dominated by the covering wings and sweeping draperies of the Spirit of Peace. The vanquished war-promoting

Powers appear in the distressed figure prostrate on the rocky ledge, the object of a generous commiseration expressed on the faces of the victors. Incidentally the medal is of some antiquarian interest as showing, in remarkably clear detail, the fighting kit of the British sailor and grenadier of 1758. It is the work of the artist Thomas Pingo.—G. M. G.

A CAMBRIDGESHIRE ASTROLOGER.

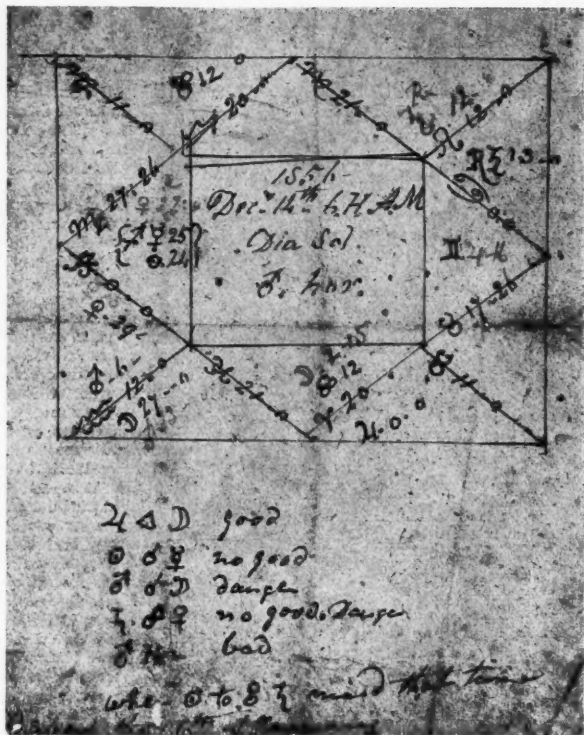
TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I enclose you a horoscope cast in this parish of Walpole St. Peter, Wisbech, in the middle of last century. It was made by one Charles Pett, who used to turn the handle of the barrel-organ in the church singers' gallery. He died in December, 1879, aged ninety-three years. The woman whose horoscope it is still lives in the parish, and tells me Pett stood outside the cottage with a telescope gazing at the stars, and her father went out and told him the moment she, his daughter, was born. Pett then said he wished the birth had taken place either a few minutes earlier or later, I forget which. Perhaps, you or some one of your readers could explain the significance of the chart. Somewhere I believe there is indicated danger from water.—H. C. STAVELEY.

A TAME BADGER.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—To Mr. Vinson J. Potter, landlord of the Woodman's Arms, Thundersley, Essex, I am indebted for enabling me to make the accompanying drawing and to describe a remarkably tame badger in his possession. He tells me a sow badger was caught on November 29th 1920, in a neighbouring wood; it then weighed 34lb. On February 27th last she gave birth to a litter of three cubs; one was weakly at birth and soon died, the second did not survive long, but the third is a strong, healthy young sow. The mother suckled it until the middle of June, when on the 20th of that month Mr. Potter presented her (the mother) to the London "Zoo." The cub was then fed on bread and milk and afterwards on Melox biscuits, which is still her staple diet; in fact, almost her only food; occasionally a little rice and other vegetable scraps are given,



A NINETEENTH CENTURY HOROSCOPE.

but no flesh of any kind, excepting a mole, which she quickly devoured. At the time of writing she is six months and ten days old, and measures about 2ft. 6ins. in total length (from tip of nose to end of tail), therefore she has only to develop about 3ins. or 4ins. more to attain full growth. She is remarkably tame and tractable, accompanying her owner and his dogs in their outings; when they are shooting she shows no sign of alarm when the gun is fired. If she loses her companions in a wood she scents them out, and sometimes utters a kind of bleating call; she also comes when called, and obeys like a dog. Her special friends to play with are some retrievers, especially a pup, with which she romps, and apparently enjoys scampering and dodging around. In her excitement her long coat stands erect all over her body, commencing at the base of the neck, where it rises into a dorsal crest and runs down in front of the shoulders and along the edge of the belly to the base of the tail, giving the animal a peculiar appearance, somewhat resembling in form the carapace of an armadillo, as will be seen by the drawing. As shown, the long coat, which is 3ins. in length, when standing on end, adds considerably to the bulk of the body, and the white-tipped hairs enhance the effect.—F. W. FROHAWK.

BEWICK'S SWANS IN CHESHIRE.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Six Bewick's swans visited a Cheshire mere last month. They were first seen by Mr. G. H. Ramsbottom, and later I saw them twice, and was able to note their characteristics. The whooper swan is often confused with the mute, owing to its similarity in size, but Bewick's is much smaller. The birds I saw were feeding near mute swans and Canada geese, and it was obvious at once that the Bewick's were smaller than the mutes and larger than the geese. With field-glasses the lemon-yellow patches at the base of the black bill and the dark eye set in the white head were conspicuous. They carried their necks in a stiff, goose-like attitude, very different from the graceful curve of the mute swan. Unfortunately, pheasants were being driven in a neighbouring wood while I was observing the birds on the second occasion, and the shooting obviously made them uneasy. An hour later they had departed, and I have not seen them since. Bewick's swan breeds in North-East Russia and North-West Siberia. In winter they visit the British Islands, showing a preference for Ireland, where flocks of thousands have been seen. Eagle Clarke reports them as visiting Fair Island on autumn migration. I can find only six previous records of their occurrence in Cheshire, two of which are on inland waters.—E. W. HENDY.



BRISTLING WITH EXCITEMENT.



## SOME THOUGHTS ON STEEPLECHASING IN 1921-22

## SATISFACTORY DECEMBER SALES.

**H**APPILY fatal accidents in steeplechases and hurdle races are of rare occurrence, but that the risks do exist was shown at Sandown Park last week-end when the jockey, Cheshire, was killed as the result of a fall on a horse called Cormac in a selling hurdle race. Naturally, the incident greatly distressed many people, who find themselves genuinely attracted by racing under National Hunt rules and will brave unusually disagreeable weather if only they can watch well-schooled horses racing over fences or hurdles as the case may be. In particular it appeals very much to hunting folk and those who have first-hand knowledge of the riding of horses. We may be sure that all concerned take every possible precaution to reduce the risk of fatal accident to the lowest degree. If it were not so, then it would be the duty of the National Hunt Stewards to take action. They might insist on fences being safer without necessarily being lower, and any obviously bad jumpers might be ordered into retirement until such time as they would give evidence of more proficiency.

The National Hunt have the services of two inspectors, one of whom takes the Northern meetings and the other the Southern meetings. It is their special duty to inspect the fences and see that in measurement and general construction they conform with the requirements and regulations laid down by the National Hunt. Thus the Sandown Park fences were altered considerably just before the last meeting in consequence of representations made by the Committee's inspector. Those with limited knowledge of the subject must not suppose that a fence is necessarily dangerous because it is high. Often the fences that cause the most falls are those that are small and which horses chance. The fences at Liverpool are the biggest and most formidable looking of all, and yet how seldom do they bring about any serious injury to riders? The explanation is that it is the pace that kills, so to say. The bigger the fence the slower a horse must take it and, therefore, the less violent the fall if fall there must be. The unfair fence invariably is the badly made one that is pitched on falling ground and does not lean far enough away on the take-off side. The bolt upright fence is a perfect horror.

This most deplorable accident at Sandown Park occurred in a hurdle race, and it is because of the pace they go over the less formidable obstacles that falls, when they do occur, are usually more serious than over fences. There is also more crowding at them and more fear of the fallen rider, while prone on the ground, being struck by a horse following. In quite recent times many fatal accidents have occurred to jockeys not so well known to the public. The better known ones often fall, but then they often ride and they seem to understand the art of falling, while it follows that they have the good luck to ride well-schooled horses. If it were not so they would not win the many races between them that they do. The second-class jockeys, who do not get so much riding, must not be too particular about their choice of mounts. It is their business and they know that they must take chances. A big responsibility must rest on the trainer, who should be satisfied that a horse is a proficient jumper before asking a jockey to risk his neck on it. This horse, Cormac, seemed to be proficient, judging by the way in which it took the hurdles before the fatal flight. The best of jumpers will at times take risks and make hopeless mistakes, and the best horsemanship will not avail against it. On this same afternoon at Sandown Park we saw a proved accomplished hurdler in Kirkharle take off too soon at the last flight when coming to win his race. The result was that both forelegs were trapped and he and his jockey, Jack Anthony, who has ridden three winners of the Grand National, came by a very nasty fall. It might have been more serious than it was. Anthony was lucky, but poor Cheshire was never to speak again as the result of his horse making a similar mistake in the first instance and then rolling over his rider and crushing him.

If you ask the leading steeplechase jockeys what course they like best for steeplechasing they will probably declare in favour of Newbury, chiefly because there they are not continually racing on turns but have two fine straight stretches with fair fences. They like the excellently made fences at Hurst Park, but they take exception to Kempton Park because it is so much on the turn, and especially do they object to the position of the last fence which, they maintain, is unfair through being on falling ground. I think they like Cheltenham very much because it has a lot of character, and possibly it would be better than it is were the soil of a lighter nature and not so liable to get impossibly holding in very wet weather. Then the finish is up a hill, making the whole course pretty severe.

In recent steeplechasing and hurdling a big drawback has been the hard state of the ground. My hunting friends tell me that the hard going is quite serious, being either very slippery on the surface or far too hard for galloping and jumping. These tales have reached me from Leicestershire and the Duke of Beaufort's country. The conditions have certainly accounted for some notable absentees from engagements for which they would otherwise have run. "All my steeplechasers are backward," said a well known trainer to the writer the other day, "because the ground is so hard that I

have not been able to send them along." Perhaps this week-end, however, we may see in opposition at Lingfield Park the last Grand National winner, Shaun Spadah, and Sir James Buchanan's most promising young 'chaser of last season, Southampton. Turkey Buzzard, so much fancied at Liverpool last March, has been out to perform quite successfully a simple task, but Mr. Gore, Mr. Whitaker and the Hon. Aubrey Hastings have some smart horses still to come out.

Early in January there is to be a sort of championship for young 'chasers at Hurst Park. They have called this the Hurst Park Champion Four Year Old Steeplechase for four year olds, and it is a sweepstakes of £25 each, whether a horse runs or not, with £500 added. Supposing twenty enter, that means £500, which, with the added money, creates a prize of £1,000, out of which second, third and fourth are to receive £175. This, therefore, will be a prize well worth going for, and I understand from the enterprising managing director, Mr. Joseph Pavis, that he has been assured of such support as guarantees the success of the race.

I should have thought there would have been a shortage of properly schooled young 'chasers so comparatively early in the season and with the going so adverse to their schooling, but apparently we are to find in the entry some that have lately distinguished themselves over hurdles. Hurdlers constitute the larger part of the entry for the Tantivy Steeplechase at Gatwick, a race, by the way, which costs a lot to run for in proportion to the amount given in stakes. It costs £13 to run for a net prize to the winner of £400. Yet the entry runs to the astonishing total of fifty-one, which is scarcely to be reconciled with the alleged shortage of steeplechasers. It is, however, a race for novices at this game, so that it would scarcely be right to refer to them as steeplechasers until they have proved themselves. Included in the entry are the crack hurdlers, Trespasser, White Heat, Morganatic Marriage and Halberdier. It only costs £3 to enter in the first instance, but it will cost another £10 to run, so that many of the fifty-one will quietly drop out when the time comes for forfeits.

A few lines as to last week's important sales at Newmarket are certainly called for by results that exceeded the most sanguine expectations. A fortnight ago sellers were fearing a slump as a result of the general depression, and the fact that the rates of exchange was so opposed to the foreign buyers. It is possibly true that the slump has applied to the very poor stuff, but anything really saleable and of value from the point of view of breeding and age found a ready sale and at extraordinarily good prices. I think everyone must have been astonished that 6,000 guineas should have been forthcoming for a mare, though it is only a year ago that the record price of 16,000 guineas was paid for the mare Salamandra in foal to The Tetrarch. The 6,000 guinea mare of last week was Reine des Pêches, from Mr. Lionel Robinson's Old Buckenham Hall Stud, and she was purchased by the British Bloodstock Agency for a buyer in America. She is, I need hardly say, considered to be safely in foal to that brilliant racehorse, Gay Crusader, and is to go to him again next season before being sent to America. I thought 5,800 guineas was an extraordinarily big price to pay for the three year old filly, Petrea, the buyer being the agent who is acting on behalf of the Bombay owner, Mr. Mathuradass Goculdass, who is most anxious to make a success at the stud of his St. Leger winner, Caligula.

A prominent Irish breeder tells me that he tried hard to get certain foals up to about 600 guineas apiece, but he was disappointed time after time. Then another breeder in Ireland, who has had much success, was willing to go up to 2,000 guineas for one or two of certain mares, never dreaming that he would fail to get even one. This will show how everyone was astonished at the prices made. Buyers from abroad were particularly active, and thus we have had a fine tribute to the paramount value of the British thoroughbred in face of the most embarrassing financial difficulties abroad. I think Sir Abe Bailey should have been well satisfied with the wholesale clearance of his breeding stock and racehorses in training. They made a total of close on 40,000 guineas. The notorious Tishy found a new owner in Mr. James de Rothschild at 1,100 guineas, and, I believe, he is well satisfied with his bargain. Bucks was really cheap, if he should be sound, at 2,100 guineas. Two mares made over 3,000 guineas apiece. The Sledmere Stud paid 3,200 guineas for Herself, by Neil Gow, in foal to Son in Law, and French buyers went to 3,100 guineas for Pretty Dark, by Dark Ronald, and in foal to Sunstar. Of the whole of Sir Abe Bailey's horses the least liked were the yearlings, but the foals were generally voted particularly good. The five days of sale resulted in 856 lots being offered, of which 635 were sold for a total of 259,436 guineas, and we are told that these December Sales are the fourth best ever held, the record belonging to 1920, when there seemed no limit to money and enterprise.

PHILIPPOS.

The Arab Horse Society has issued a register of Arab-bred stallions and mares. It is an excellent supplement to the Society's Stud Book, which is perhaps the most artistically produced of any corresponding volume published by any breed society.

## THE ESTATE MARKET

# FINAL SALES OF THE YEAR

**T**HE auctions of the year are over, and there will be little in the nature of private negotiation next week to divert attention from the task of preparing those "reviews of the year" which so many firms now issue. Some agents have already drafted their observations, and others have them in a forward state. There will not be so much to talk about as there was two years ago, when the pressure of business, in clearing up arrears of accumulated auctions of property, caused holidays to be reduced to the smallest compass, both in the early autumn and at Christmas. Yet, looking back at the course of transactions in real estate, this year the trend of business has been surprisingly satisfactory, having regard to the number and magnitude of disturbing factors.

The successful conclusion of the Irish Conference will have a potent influence on values of real property in Ireland and those who have been steadily buying Irish houses, at the nominal prices lately prevailing, will reap a rich reward.

The stormy tendency of the passing year has, however, had its uses. Some formidable obstacles to the recovery of normal conditions have been swept away, and the outlook is the brighter for the year 1922. Great encouragement may be derived from the steadiness and strength of the estate market, viewed as a whole, and from the fact that, when the general state of affairs seemed far from reassuring, a good volume of buying and selling continued to be recorded, and confidence continued unimpaired in the fundamental stability of real estate.

### CORSOCK AND GLENBRANTER.

**A**T the auction of the Corsock estate, Kirkcudbright, held in Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley's Estate Room at Edinburgh, it was announced that five of the farms had been sold beforehand and that the total proportion of the estate privately sold was about two-thirds of the whole. The area now disposed of extends to nearly 8,000 acres.

The Forestry Commission for Scotland has acquired Sir Harry Lauder's Glenbranter estate by private treaty. The property, in Argyllshire, came under the hammer of Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley last August. It lies in the Cur Valley, a few miles from Dunoon, and partly on and between Lock Eck and Loch Fyne.

The Duchess of Bedford has instructed Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley to sell Edgebury, Aspley Heath. The house has been equipped as a surgical hospital.

Among auctions for next year announced by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, is that for the executors and trustees of the late Sir Ernest Cassel, of Moulton Paddocks, near Newmarket, 1,315 acres adjoining the gallops of Bury Hill and the Limekilns, including the training establishment, with accommodation for forty racehorses. Sir Hew Hamilton Dalrymple's North Berwick estate of 2,500 acres, in Haddingtonshire, with the superiority of the major portion of Berwick and the ruins of Tantallon Castle, the scene of many battles in the days of James V, and afterwards between the troops of Charles I and those of Oliver Cromwell is also for sale, and other interesting properties to be offered by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley include Slains Castle and Longhaven, of 7,200 acres, Aberdeenshire, for Sir John Ellerman, and Grindon Hall, Sunderland, the home of the late Sir Theodore Doxford, the well known shipbuilder.

### A SURREY PLEASANCE SOLD.

**B**RIDGE HOUSE, Weybridge, has been sold by Messrs. Alfred Savill and Sons, by order of the trustees of the wills of the late Mr. and Mrs. H. Seymour-Trower. The gardens, one of the smaller masterpieces of Mr. Alfred Peto, are quite exceptional in their beauty. They were the subject of an article, which dealt particularly with the water garden in COUNTRY LIFE, on April 1st, 1916, and of an earlier article in these columns, on October 24th, 1908.

The house is of moderate size and very comfortable and homelike, and the grounds extend, if we include 2½ acres between Mayfield Road and the River Wey, to about 10 acres, and with the home farm of 50 acres, the area sold is just over 61 acres.

Among the features of the Bridge House gardens are the Italian garden bordered by pleached limes, and enclosing an ornamental fish pond; the stone loggia at the head of the fish pond, with steps leading down to the water's edge; and the palisaded screen and water lily pool, with semi-circular stone seat and carved inscription, "Gather ye Rose Buds while ye may." The western terrace has an expanse of lawn extending to the river's edge, and there are a small walled sunk garden and enclosure hedged with beech and a thatched tea house on the bank of the Wey. The great variety of trees, flowers and shrubs, the picturesque setting of the garden ornaments, the aviary, and other details, too numerous to mention, all add to the extraordinary charm and beauty of Bridge House.

### AN ADDITION TO "LORD'S."

**A**NOTHER sale by Messrs. Alfred Savill and Sons, who are amalgamated with the old-established City firm of Richard Ellis and Sons, is that of a large and rambling old residence in Elm Tree Road, St. John's Wood, with a quarter-of-an-acre, abutting on "Lord's" Cricket Ground, the authorities of which are to be congratulated on having bought the freehold, for to have had a block of flats built there, when, in due course, the old house was demolished, would have been a serious blot on "Lord's." As it is, the enormous blocks of flats near the northern end of Elm Tree Road are quite close enough to the cricket ground. The Elm Tree Road house now sold seems at one time to have been too small for its owners, who added a hall of corrugated iron, with a floor of mosaic, a most incongruous addition to what was originally a solidly built, plain old late Georgian dwelling. Messrs. Alfred Savill and Sons conducted the sale of the contents of the house, and very satisfactory prices were realised for the antique and other furniture.

### BEAUREPAIRE PARK, HANTS.

**C**OLONEL H. WELCH-THORNTON has decided to dispose of Beaurepaire Park, Bramley, near Basingstoke. Messrs. Wilson and Co., have been instructed to submit the estate by auction early in the New Year. The property, which has been in the family for many years, was formerly the ancient seat of the Brocas family. The mansion dates from the fifteenth century and is surrounded by a moat. A considerable amount of the original structure remains. Electric light and central heating have been installed. The grounds are beautiful and the park of 280 acres which surrounds the house is finely timbered. There are a dozen farms in addition to numerous small holdings. Practically the whole village of Bramley is comprised in the sale, with eight small country houses, fifty cottages, several shops and the fully-licensed "Six Bells." Beaurepaire Park is four miles from Basingstoke. Bramley Station is on the estate.

Under instructions from the executors of the late Mr. H. J. King, Messrs. Hampton and Sons are offering for sale Poles, Hertfordshire, an estate of about 1,255 acres, providing first-class shooting, as well as trout fishing. It includes a house in Jacobean style, in a grand old park, the original house which occupied the site having been burned about forty years ago. There is a home farm, with buildings for bloodstock and pedigree herd and the whole place is equipped in the best manner. The mansion with the park and home farm, about 550 acres, would be sold separately.

### THE ELLENBOROUGH ESTATES.

**T**HE tenants of the late Lord Ellenborough's estates, in and on the outskirts of Cheltenham, have held conferences with Mr. Jackson Stops this week, to discuss the private purchase of their holdings prior to the auction which, as announced in COUNTRY LIFE last week, he is to hold next month (January 19th). Particulars of the property are now in course of preparation, and will be obtainable, for 5s. each, from the Towcester and Northampton office of the auctioneer. The retainer to Mr. Stops to deal with this estate makes another link between it and Stowe, which he recently sold, for as he writes to us: "Only a few weeks ago, in preparing the sale catalogue of the princely Estate of Stowe, the writer came across letters of great interest addressed by the late

Earl of Ellenborough to his friend the Duke of Buckingham and Chandos, on matters connected with their estates, and it is a remarkable coincidence that the trustees of the respective properties should, in the same year, find it necessary, in consequence of increased taxation, to part with their fine properties. Two more dissimilar estates could not be imagined; of Stowe it was said 'Mahomet imagined an Elysium, Kent created it,' but the Southam de la Bere Estate owes its wonderful beauty wholly to natural features."

Farms on the Sedbury Park Estate, Glos., have realised £49,390 privately, and £33,000 at auction, through Messrs. Castiglione and Sons.

### THE KENWOOD CONTROVERSY.

**P**ERHAPS, from the point of view of the aims of the Kenwood Preservation Council, it is not altogether a matter of regret that the question as to whether Kenwood, Lord Mansfield's Hampstead Heath estate, should be bought for the public, and if so, at what price, has become the subject of a rather acrimonious controversy in some quarters. One odd suggestion was made, by the correspondent of a North London newspaper, in a letter, something to the effect, "Let the owner refer to his title deeds and discover what the property cost those from whom he has inherited it." Anyone with the least practical knowledge of property will find such an idea rather droll. The process of reference to old deeds has only to be carried far enough back in many instances to come to the "xviii d.," and less, of the Domesday Book, and tenure by service which represented but a fraction of the values of a later period.

We do not know what the exact price paid by Lord Mansfield's predecessors in title happened to be, and it would be entirely irrelevant, not to put too fine a point on it, to enquire. There is a short passage in the "Wentworth Papers"—covering the first four decades of the eighteenth century—in which Lord Berkeley of Stratton writes to his friend, Lord Strafford, in August, 1712: "Your Lordship will wonder to hear I have sold Cane Wood. A Lord Blantyre of Scotland offer'd me 4,000 pounds for it, which I thought worth hearkening to, considering the little time I stay out of town, and that a place of half that sum might serve me."

### SALE OF CASTLE ELLEN, GALWAY.

**C**ASTLE ELLEN, County Galway, has changed hands, through Messrs. Battersby and Co., on behalf of Mr. Walter P. Lambert. The house is of limestone, and was built about 200 years ago, close to the ruin of the ancient Castle Ellen, which gives it its name. The area of the property is 600 acres, in the Athenry district.

The Hyde Park mansion, No. 106, Lancaster Gate, has been bought by Mr. J. Crawford Platt, for a client, for £5,500. Private sales of freeholds in the Wilton Road area, adjacent to Victoria Station, by Messrs. George Trollope and Sons, exceed £50,000; and enquiries now being dealt with, in their Hobart Place office, point to the very speedy disposal of the rest of the important and valuable group of freeholds entrusted to them for sale.

Messrs. Watkin and Watkin report that Warren Farm, Mickleham, 68 acres, submitted to auction on November 28th, has since been disposed of by private treaty.

Messrs. Nicholas have sold The Poplars, Burghfield Common, a freehold residence, near Reading, cottages and 12 acres; also a small Jacobean house at Aston Tirrold, Berks, known as Edlins. Ivy House, Whitchurch, with fishing in the River Test, has been sold privately by Messrs. Harding and Harding. Recent sales of country property by Messrs. Geering and Colyer, include Turks Place, Hartley, Cranbrook, an interesting old-fashioned residence with 33 acres; and East Quarter, Betersden, 10 acres. The total purchases amounted to nearly £15,000. Messrs. Bruton, Knowles and Co., announce that they have sold Moorcroft, Penalt, four miles from Monmouth, a gabled residence, and 77 acres. Messrs. Edwin Fear and Walker have sold The Brackens, St. Leonards, Ringwood, 10 acres.

Messrs. Drivers, Jonas and Co., announce that they have now sold privately Addington House and 118 acres near Winslow, Bucks, being the Dower House to Addington Manor, offered at the Mart in June last. ARBITER.